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The Week

THE past week has seen three important developments in regard to the Kellogg proposal for treaties outlawing war. Germany has accepted it without reservations, and stands ready to sign at any moment, being the first nation to take this important step. Great Britain has indicated, through speeches by Lord Grey and Sir Austen Chamberlain, a strong desire to sweep aside technicalities and bring about an understanding between France and the United States. Mr. Kellogg himself has made a speech commenting on the six objections which the French have raised against the American proposal. He agrees—and this is an important concession from the French point of view—that every nation has the right of self-defense, which cannot be taken away by any treaty. He objects, however, to the attempt to frame this right into words, because he thinks any formula which could possibly be written would be abused by an evil-spirited power. He agrees further that if one country should violate the outlawry treaty, all others are released from their obligations as regards that one. He insists that there is no conflict between the American proposal and the League Covenant, since the latter does not in fact compel member nations to go to war. He thinks the treaty is similarly in harmony with the Locarno agreements, and says of the French neutrality treaties that as soon as the other party to any such agreement has also accepted the American proposal, the outlawry plan becomes a reinforcement of the neutrality proposal, not an obstacle to it. He is not willing to accept the French demand that the treaty shall be universally, or almost universally, accepted before it comes into effect; but is optimistic as to the speed with which the countries of the world would come in, once the six chief powers had signed.

MR. Kellogg's speech was on the whole a conciliatory one. He did not reject the French reservations; he merely argued that they were unnecessary. The differences between himself and M. Briand are no longer on questions of theory, but of fact, and it is always easier to get agreement when the issue is as to what does exist, rather than what ought to exist. His attitude should help the British effort to bring about some sort of compromise. Without attaching much importance to the Kellogg proposal of itself, they are eager to see it accepted, because they think it would mean increased American coöperation with the League, and, in particular, America's consent to the violation of her rights, as a neutral, to trade with a country under a League blockade as an aggressor nation. Lord Grey's speech relieved the French by assuring them that his countrymen recognize the importance of some of their reservations. At the same time, England does not propose to let French fears, or French alliances, break down the negotiations. A compromise might be worked out by putting the French reservations into a separate document, or by embodying their substance in a gentlemen's agreement of some sort. Come what may, the British are determined that the opportunity to get from the United States an increased degree of interest in European affairs shall not be let slip.

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THE French are said to be much annoyed because Germany has accepted the American proposal and has been the first nation to do so. Paris insists that the acceptance was part of the maneuvering preliminary to this month's election in the Reich. It might just as well, however, be put down as another of the long list of advantages Germany has enjoyed because she was forcibly disarmed, and had her colonies taken away, by the Allies. Not only has she for years been free from a crushing burden of expense which the victorious Allies have had to support for their armies, but, free from imperialistic ambitions, she is able to do some of the clearest and most independent thinking on international questions to be found anywhere in Europe today.

SENATOR Borah has performed a useful service by his fine and vigorous warning that morality is still a political issue in the United States. It was to some extent a partisan Republican statement, in that he was careful to balance the sewer scandal in Democratic New York against Teapot Dome; but he also used the lash freely on his fellow Republicans. He pointed out that "the world will judge the Republican party, not by what took place prior to the recent exposures, but by the course and conduct of the party after the exposures. Nothing could be worse than the conditions lately uncovered at Washington. No one should underestimate the searching significance of these faithless and sordid transactions, and no one can overstate the profound issues which they present for the consideration of the American people." The Senator might have added that the worst of all the exposures came before the national campaign of 1924, that the Republican party in that campaign brazened the matter out, made no confession of error or promise of reform, and won by a seven million majority. There is no indication as yet that it means to take his advice in 1928.

FOR Senator Borah's attitude the New Republic has the greatest sympathy, and we should welcome a campaign along the lines he indicates. Yet it is impossible not to note the plain and somewhat discouraging facts of the case. How can the issue of corruption have any part in the selection of the Republican nominee when every candidate for the honor keeps silent about it, and the leading contender, while not personally implicated, was a member of the Harding cabinet? In the election itself, the Democrats will of course do all they can to press the charge. But it will not matter to dyed-in-the-wool members of their own party, who would vote the Democratic ticket in any case. It will not matter to large numbers of orthodox Republicans, who would stand by their party no matter how much venality had been revealed. It will be effective only among independent voters, and among those Republicans whose attachment to their party is not stronger than their moral sense. But even in these groups, there will be some who will be preoccupied with other matters. A fanatical Prohibitionist would probably vote against Al Smith, ignoring the oil scandals and their ramifications. So would a fanatical anti-Catholic. Senator Borah's ringing and sincere summons is addressed, in reality, only to those who are not already emotionally committed to passionate support of some other cause. Their numbers are fewer than he supposes.

A FEW weeks ago, we were given to understand that Governor Smith proposed to issue a statement of his views on various important national issues, well in advance of the Houston convention. Now we are told that he has decided to do no such thing. His candidacy is growing in strength so rapidly that there is even talk of his being nominated on the first ballot, and in view of this prospect, shrewd practical politicians advise against his running any risks. As long as he keeps silent, people with varying opinions on outstanding questions can imagine he is with them; whereas if he spoke out, some of them would be forced to recognize that he is against them. In particular, by keeping silent he can avoid committing himself on the matter of prohibition. If he says nothing, the wet Democrats will support him anyhow, because of his record; and the drys can avoid open confession that they are repudiating their dearest doctrine for the sake of riding the bandwagon of a man who, they think, has a chance of being elected. Governor Smith's action is that of a wise, opportunistic politician. It is not the action of the vigorous, candid and courageous man he has shown himself to be in his work as Governor of New York State.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why the New Republic has urged Hoover and Smith to indicate their personal platforms, since admittedly, if they were to do so while the other candidates kept silent, their chances of securing the nominations of their respective parties would be somewhat diminished? The answer is that the New Republic believes that not Hoover and Smith only, but every candidate owes it to the members of his party to say where he stands. If all of them could be forced to declare themselves, it is unlikely that Hoover and Smith would be weaker than at present, in relation to their rivals; and they might be stronger. What we object to is the present system of silent candidates which plays directly into the hands of the bosses. It tends to make the candidates seem like interchangeable figures, which can be juggled about indifferently, and it helps such back-stairs chicanery as made Harding the Republican nominee in 1920. As matters stand now, the more colorless a candidate, and the less that is known about his opinions, the better the politicians are pleased; they can then dress the dummy in bright raiment of their own choosing when the time comes. But colorless candidates decrease the chance of the delegates in the

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conventions to make a real choice, and thereby diminish by so much the importance of the selection the voters make in November. It is a system, and not individuals, against which our criticism is leveled.

WINSTON Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has presented a new British budget which adopts one important recommendation of the British Liberal committee in their report on Britain's industrial future. He proposes to reduce, and in some cases to abolish altogether, local property taxes, and to transfer to the national treasury the burden of poor relief and other enterprises which these taxes support. This will be a distinct help to agriculture, housing, and the less profitable industries, which of course have to pay property taxes regardless of their ability to do so without hardship. Property taxes are distinctly less scientific in nature than graduated income taxes, which are related to ability to pay. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Churchill did not carry his reform to its logical conclusion by raising the necessary additions to the receipts of the national treasury by some form of income or profits tax. Instead, he lays a heavy excise on gasoline for automobiles, thus further hampering a new and developing industry and a means of increasing the efficiency and comfort of the population. In Great Britain automobiles are still looked upon as a luxury, but there is no reason why they need continue to be so. A consumption tax on gasoline, like other consumption taxes, is relatively easy to collect, but is inferior to taxes which tap the main sources of wealth.

Are Oil Men Citizens?

COLONEL ROBERT STEWART has long been Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, holding one of the exceptionally important positions in the American business world. He is sixty-two years old, has degrees from Coe College and Yale, and is a lawyer by training, having formerly been a member of the South Dakota Senate and Attorney General for that state. He played an honorable part as a volunteer in the Spanish War; he is a director of three great banks, one of them the National City Bank of New York. He is a member of the American Bar Association, a Presbyterian, a member of seven of the most expensive clubs in Chicago, and four more, equally expensive, in New York and Washington. For many years he has been regarded as one of the leading citizens of Chicago.

This supposedly responsible and reputable citizen has just been made the subject of a resolution of the United States Senate asking that he be tried for perjury. On the second of last February, Colonel Stewart appeared before the Senate Committee investigating the oil scandal, and testified under oath: "I do not know anything about the [Continental] bonds." "I never had anything to do with the distribution of any bonds." "I don't know anything about it." "I did not, personally, receive any of these bonds." On the second of February, the trial of Harry Sinclair for conspiracy was still pending. As soon as he had been found not guilty by a District of Columbia jury, Colonel Stewart again appeared before the Senate Committee, and virtually admitted that he had lied on the previous occasion. This time he confessed that he had in fact received $759,000 in Continental bonds; that he had kept them in the office safe of his company for years, including all the period that the government was looking for them.

Colonel Stewart is not the only conspicuous individual in the oil industry to thumb his nose at the government's effort to find out the facts. Henry M. Blackmer has been one of the leading figures in the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company and the Midwest Refining Company, which is owned by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. He took part in the formation of the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., and received $763,000 as his share of the fictitious "profits" from its one transaction. In order to avoid appearing as a witness, Blackmer fled to Europe and has remained there for years. James E. O'Neil was the active manager of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, and also participated in the Continental transaction. His share of the profits was $800,000. He, likewise, has fled to Europe and has persistently evaded efforts of the United States to bring him back to this country as a witness.

Other men, in greater or less degree, have followed a similar course. From the beginning of the case until he had been acquitted by a District of Columbia jury, Harry Sinclair refused to take the witness stand and tell what he knew. He is now under sentence in contempt proceedings for refusing to testify before a Senate committee. E. L. Doheny for a long time followed the same course. It may be said that of the scores of men inside the industry who had important information bearing on the cases, hardly one has come forward voluntarily to aid the government. The rest, by silence or by falsehood, have done what they could to keep the true facts from coming to light. Under the circumstances, their actions cannot be regarded as reflecting merely upon themselves as individuals. There is the best of reasons to believe that they have had the approval of the industry as a whole. No disciplinary action has ever been taken against the leaders by the one group whose opinion they would respect—their fellows. On the contrary, whenever it has been possible to do so, they have been given implicit if not open endorsement.

Just one man in the industry, so far as we can learn, has taken the trouble to put himself on record as being opposed to the sort of thing that has gone on. He is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and

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even in his case, the course pursued, commendable though it was, is not to be explained solely in terms of sheer moral indignation. Mr. Rockefeller has the advice, on public matters, of Mr. Ivy Lee, who is one of the shrewdest press agents in the country, and knows very well the usefulness to an individual of a public gesture on the side of morality. Mr. Rockefeller's sincerity is not to be questioned; but it should be noted that he appears with equal promptness, and testifies to much the same effect, so far as the impression on the public is concerned, in regard to coal.

Here we have, then, one of the leading industries of the country, with an annual production of a billion and a half dollars, which may be said without exaggeration to have cast in its lot on the side of corruption. The fact is certainly worth thinking about. Does oil stand alone among the major types of American business in this regard? And if not, what has happened to us? What is going on in this country which makes it possible for a former State Attorney General to obstruct the course of justice and commit what is, actually if not technically, perjury, before a Senate committee, with the approval of his colleagues?

In our judgment, the oil industry does not differ notably from the other chief types in its standards of morality. It is, of course, something of a gamble, and has attracted to its ranks some undesirable characters of the type so familiar in the old West; but the men at the top would rank favorably with those in similar positions in steel or automobiles or railroads. It is significant that oil men trust one another, as is not the case in, for example, the motion picture business, where every transaction has to be the subject of a water-tight contract and where, even so, litigation is incessant. No; what is true of the oil men is true in almost or quite the same degree of American business in general.

One important explanation, no doubt, is to be found in simple group loyalty. The oil men are standing together as the members of any gang of boys stand together against constituted authority, whether it be the teacher in the classroom or the policeman on the corner. Some of them, again, may perhaps have been taken in by the story that the oil leases were part of a patriotic enterprise designed to safeguard the American navy at a time when a war with Japan was threatening, however woefully such an explanation fails to accord with the historical facts. But in our judgment, the most important clue to the behavior of these men is to be found in the growing chasm between government and its processes, and business and its processes, in the United States.

Whatever may have been the case in the distant past, in recent years it has been increasingly true that the industrial leaders do not look upon government as a voluntary, coöperative enterprise for mutual advantage, but with hostility as something in which business has no necessary interest, which at best is a nuisance, and at worst is a menace. When a business man goes into politics he is thought of as a crusader who enters the camp of the enemy, and whose sole justification for doing so is to protect business from the machinations of hostile and malevolent forces. In the ethical code of the business man, loyalty to one's associates is on quite a different plane from loyalty to the country, and only temporarily during wartime is the relationship reversed.

Historically, there is, no doubt, an important basis for this development in the relations between business and government during the past two or three generations in America. Under our doctrine of *laissez-faire,* government (except through the tariff) has been able to do little for business. On the contrary, business has done its best to debauch government. In the period after the Civil War, there was a great expansion in public utilities in this country. The electric street-car and the telephone were invented; the distribution of gas and water to the householder was greatly improved and expanded, particularly in the cities of the Middle West which were growing with such mushroom speed. Municipal franchises were essential to the conduct of these operations; and such franchises had to be obtained from city authorities, many of whom were themselves frankly venal from the beginning, and others of whom succumbed to the huge temptations which were put in their way. Throughout the country it was customary for the mayors and city councils to hold up the business men seeking to give the community essential services; and the business men bought off the authorities. Only those of exceptionally tender consciences had any sense of guilt in doing so. They felt they were performing a useful service to the community (albeit, one enormously profitable to themselves); and they did not hesitate to remove what they looked upon as an unimportant obstruction in their path. The fact that incidentally they hampered the proper development of the community, and, in most cases, laid the basis for robbery of the citizens for generations to come, troubled them not at all, under the Nietzschean philosophy which they had invented for themselves. As their enterprises expanded, and particularly during the great orgy of railroad building, they extended their operations to the state governments. It was more difficult and expensive to bribe a majority in a state legislature, but as a business proposition it was equally worth while.

This is the attitude which most business men whose enterprises are subject to potential public control have retained to this day. There is no difference in principle between "fixing" a mayor so that a street-car franchise can be obtained, and buying for three times what it is worth a third interest in a ranch, owned by a Secretary of the Interior who can dispose of public oil lands. The characteristic attitude of his fellows, toward one who can put

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over such a deal, is envy of his good fortune, and admiration for his enterprise and daring. Men who are scrupulous in their relations with one another, who will assume the debts of a corporation with which they are connected if it goes bankrupt, even when they are not personally responsible, will participate casually in such activities as those of Mr. Sinclair, which serve to corrupt government and to debauch public officials. They will not, as a rule, of course, admit publicly that such is the case; when they are interviewed by the success magazines, they readily pay lip-service to the ideals of obedience to the law, and of intelligent participation by all citizens in good government; but among themselves they talk another language. The oil scandals, as it happens, have provided a peculiarly sharp public test of their position; an important group of business men have had to make a choice, and as everyone knows, their choice has fallen with their fellows and against the law and the truth.

If the situation thus revealed is an old and a familiar one, it is none the less serious. Unless we can bridge the gap between the morals of business and the morals of government, sooner or later there will be no morals of government. The economic processes of the country are the ones which in the long run determine the color and tone of our civilization. The vital question today is how to control them so as to bring those who participate in them to a genuine, and not a mere pretended, belief in and respect for the process of political democracy.

The Unemployment of Capital

IF PROSPERITY were to be reckoned by the profits of big business, the record of 1927 in this respect would largely belie what we know about the falling off of production and the marked decline of employment in the last six months of the year. According to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the net earnings of 381 industrial and mercantile concerns (including most of the larger and more prominent ones) aggregated $2,192,709,000. Over a billion dollars would be added by the Class I railroads. All except the railroads showed a reduction of but 8 percent from the record of 1926, and had larger profits than in 1925. Naturally, the several groups enjoyed varying fortunes. Oil companies, suffering from temporary overproduction, fell off 48 percent in net earnings from the year before—but it is obvious that this shrinkage had nothing to do with general business conditions or the complaint of unemployment. Steel companies registered a drop of 25 percent, and building supply firms one of 15 percent. Both these reductions would have been expected, as would the marked drop in coal earnings—due largely to the strike. General Motors buoyed up the automobile total for a rise of 5 percent over 1926—though the other companies fell away 24 percent, and the Ford figures are not included. But rubber profits increased 50 percent, tobacco 4 percent, leather and shoes 56 percent, chemicals and drugs 10 percent, stores 15 percent, telephone companies 7 percent, and other utilities 14 percent. It would be surprising if the aggregate profits of all business for the year, when the figures become known, should show any marked diminution.

To say this is not to say, however, that the small concerns did as well as the big ones. The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that, in the prosperous year of 1925, 41 percent of all the corporations in the country had a deficit. These were, of course, mostly small companies. Manufacturers representing one-tenth of 1 percent of all the manufacturing companies earned 44.5 percent of the total manufacturing income. The drift toward the big fellow was evidenced by the fact that while the profits of manufacturers with net income of less than $5,000,000 a year shrank 11 percent between 1923 and 1925, the profits of those earning more than $5,000,000 apiece grew 25 percent. No doubt this concentration of profit has been continuing. The aggregate of net earnings may be as large, or nearly as large, as ever, and yet there may be more losses among small business men, and more wage-earners thrown out of work.

Here we have a key to the indifference among those in positions of power to the complaints of depression and unemployment. As long as General Motors and General Electric prosper, as long as U. S. Steel shows no alarming loss of profits and has plenty of reserves with which to pay its shareholders, as long as the big rubber companies, the big tobacco companies, the American Telephone and Telegraph and the big utilities climb further above the red, why bother about the rest? Why worry, if men lack jobs? Surely everything is "normal" and "sound" at bottom. That is, it is sound, so long as politicians, editors and the manufacturers of public opinion continue to look through the rose glasses of big business.

We do not propose to enter a futile plea for small-scale production and the good old days when the individual owner-manager was the dominant figure in industry. He is disappearing for the very good reason, in most cases, that his unit costs are higher than those of his competitors and he cannot find a sufficient market for his goods. The social costs of his elimination are unavoidable. But there is a serious and remarkable anomaly in the coincidence of the large and growing profits of big business on the one hand, and the decreasing numbers of the employed on the other. Why have not the large concerns taken on all the workers laid off by the little ones? We are told that when improvements in process are made, and costs drop, then prices drop too, and the market for the products is widened so as to create an enlarged demand for labor, even though each worker can, with the improved methods, turn out much more than be-

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fore. We are told that if any one industry or series of industries reaches the temporary limit of its expansion, others will spring up to absorb the surplus labor supply. This is the invariable answer of the theoreticians who tell us not to worry about unemployment. But the statistics do not bear out the theory. If the men and women laid off from factories, railroads, mines and farms in the past five years are being reabsorbed, they are not being reabsorbed to any great extent in any of these productive industries. The figures show a constant tendency to decrease in these employments. The ability to make more goods per man and more per dollar of wages has not led, for five years, and is not now leading, to a sufficiently enlarged demand for the products so that even the workers laid off in the process may be reëmployed. Meanwhile big business has made so much profit that its surpluses are being lent in large amounts to brokers for use in stock-market speculation. The owners of the profit literally do not know to what productive use it may be put. We have a surplus of labor, and a surplus of capital; yet no one seems to know how to join them in production for the good of the community.

One observation may immediately be made. Perhaps prices have not fallen as rapidly as the falling costs of the big concerns would have permitted. Perhaps there is a stoppage in the theoretical course of events at just this point. Perhaps that is the cause of the big profits. And perhaps it is also the reason why the market for the products has not expanded rapidly enough to prevent a decrease in employment. There are figures to prove that the unit costs of telephone and electric utilities have fallen much more rapidly than their rates to individual consumers. And doubtless many other of the big industries, scarcely less monopolistic, have thus skimmed the cream off industrial progress for the benefit of their profits.

If big business were to take seriously the problem of unemployment, its price policy should be the first under the microscope. Could it sell more, and employ more, at reduced prices? It is conceivable that in certain cases the answer would be in the negative. There would remain, then, the problem of the useful employment of the excess profits in other industries or in new ventures. If private ingenuity could find no outlet for surplus capital in making goods to be sold at a profit, but had to continue to employ it as an aid to unsound speculation, there would be every reason for governments, national and local, to step in with assessments levied against corporate surpluses, and with a plan to use the proceeds for public improvements which would not have to be sold, which would benefit the community, and which would help to furnish employment to those for whom private industry no longer had use. It is bad enough when labor is unemployed, but when capital is unemployed at the same time, the old economic system is creaking so badly that it must be looked to.

Agriculture and the College

IF PLANS now under way come to fruition, Columbia University will soon become the center of a vast amount of energy directed toward the solution of the agricultural problem. The proposed Institute of Rural Affairs is intended to conduct and encourage original fact-finding in regard to food-resources, tariffs, taxation, transportation, collective activity, agricultural efficiency, marketing and various other aspects of rural life. But its activities are not to be confined to research; the Institute is intended also to become an interpretative center where various movements and proposals affecting agriculture and country life will be evaluated and made public to scholars, officials, and farmers. In addition to these two functions, it will provide training for rural leadership.

The inclusive inquiry which the Institute sets for itself is stated in the following terms: "How can farmers maintain a status equivalent to other groups in the economic, political, and social life of their country and generation, while not imposing an unreasonable burden upon the rest of society for the products of agriculture? In other words, how can a rural civilization be developed, equivalent in all its essential human values and situations at least to the urban civilization of the time?" This question has never been asked by that official branch of government designed to promote the interests of agriculture. It has been assumed that agriculture would prosper if the farmer could be taught to utilize the soil efficiently. This thesis certainly includes many fallacies, chief among which is the naïve belief that efficiency and knowledge will automatically bring success within an economic system founded upon vested interests and privileges. If farmers are to take a lesson from industry, they will soon come to appreciate that the enhanced status of urban workers has not come about solely through increased knowledge and efficiency on their part, but rather because organized labor has become one of the vested interests. Farmers stand somewhere between those who take their profits from industry and commerce, and those who sell their labor at the highest possible price. Because the farmer is in one sense a capitalist, he has never benefited directly by the gains of labor; and, because he is in another sense a worker, he has never received anything but the crumbs from his capitalist friends. The farmer's present status reveals an anomalous situation: the class of producers upon whom subsistence depends is the least independent and secure. And in acute crises many agricultural leaders can see but one remedy for its plight, namely, government subsidy.

Here is a condition which sorely needs to be illuminated by truth. Is it the function of the university, in this case the largest and most prominent of our private universities, to seek this truth and proclaim it to the world? There are sure to be varying answers to this query. Many will insist that

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the problem is purely one of statesmanship plus science, and that its solution should be left to the official agencies of government; they will point to the enormous appropriations for agriculture by the federal and state governments; if these can be increased, they will say, the solution will be brought within sight. Others will fall back upon some form of *laissez-faire* doctrine, insisting that farmers can only win in the end by fighting their own battles. Still others will raise the objection that agriculture's battles can never be won in the academic halls of a great urban university. These may, indeed, carry their argument to the extreme of suspicion. If New York City is to become a center of agricultural interest and reform, they will argue, the farmer's battle is already lost.

Each of these criticisms carries its own weight and its own weakness. Perhaps the best collective answer to all three is to affirm that agriculture's destiny cannot be left wholly in the hands of politicians, that farmers are no longer able to fight alone, and that the fairest hope of rural improvement lies in some form of coöperation with urban forces. If these are worthy answers, New York City and Columbia University are appropriate centers for the establishment of an institute of rural affairs. The proposed Institute aims "to integrate, correlate, and guide this vast undertaking with a view to establishing and interpreting the facts for the information of public opinion and for the guidance of government"; this function can best be performed where scholarship and commerce meet.

In attempting to state the synthesizing purpose of the Institute, its promoters have given emphasis to the fact that the agricultural problem as it has emerged in modern times is technological, political, economic, and social in nature, and that any attack which is to bring lasting results must somehow find a method for integrating these levels of life. It is, by way of example, sheer folly to expect permanent improvement in rural civilization merely by enhancing the farmers' economic status; increased income leads to cultural wants, and if these cannot be satisfied in rural areas, the successful farmer and his family soon move to the towns and cities. By the same token, increased use of scientific knowledge will not lead to economic benefit unless the farmer learns to express himself collectively in the arena of politics. It is a hopeful sign that the promoters of the Institute have envisaged the problem as a whole, because the specialist's approach, although helpful and necessary, will never result in correlated progress. In the same sense it may be said that no local or national agricultural problem can be met properly unless world agriculture is taken into consideration. These factors have been remembered in founding the Institute and locating it at Columbia.

There is, however, another aspect of the agricultural problem in its modern setting which has not as yet received adequate attention, and it is to be hoped that this may also become central to the Institute's interpretative function. It is all very well to speak of "rural civilization" if the term is used to describe an economic or producing class, but if the term is used to define a separate cultural entity, it is open to serious questioning. What is left of the "dirt-farmer" complex is a psychic vestige; the actual behavior of farmers comes to be more and more like that of city dwellers; they respond increasingly to the same stimuli. This is bound to be true in proportion to the improvement in means of transportation and communication. When farmers read the same newspapers and magazines, ride in the same automobiles, wear the same style of clothes, and eat food out of the same standardized packages as do their city cousins, we shall have produced a national culture-pattern. This day is not far distant. Agriculture is rapidly introducing machines to take the place of tools, and all that is still needed to bring farming within the circle of the urban business pattern is a change in the method of financing and supervising agricultural processes. This appears to be on its way; but at the same time, farmers are likely to continue projecting their outgrown idea-system, their psychic "dirt farmer" complex, to the point where it produces a gigantic moral conflict between country and city. Evidences of this evolution are not difficult to locate; in many sections all that is needed to enlist a negative from farmers is to assure them that a movement originated in the city. This means, of course, that rural-urban conflicts are becoming pathological; farmers and city-dwellers are learning to view each other in terms of superior-inferior, praise-and-blame qualities. In the end, this psychic conflict will bring about a superficial similarity on the level of activity, and a fundamental divergence on the level of ideas and moral values. This lack of real integration between rural and urban forces has already cut deeply into our national life and accounts for many of our perplexing dissociations. It constitutes a problem which demands not merely objective analysis but experimentation. The university, the place where liberalism and truth are presumed to fuse, is without doubt the institution to be challenged with this task.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
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Venezuela on the Rack

ONE revolution has just been suppressed in Venezuela. Another one is almost certain to follow it. Before Americans are asked to lend their sympathy, and perhaps their armed forces, to the maintenance of the existing government, it is well that they should know the facts.

From such official news as has been allowed to leave the country from the time, a few weeks ago, when surprised American tourists were hastily rushed back to their ships, to a fortnight since, when the government of President Gomez announced that it had suppressed a military revolt, little of the real truth can be known. The character of the events now taking place behind the veil of silence can best be judged from what has happened in the past.

The demonstration that might have been a revolution began almost by chance. A student, toasting the health of the students' Queen of Honor, moved by his own eloquence, referred to another queen to whom Venezuelans should owe honor, the Queen of Liberty. That night he was rushed to prison, and when news of this became public, a students' outbreak began. It finally took the strange form of students asking to be imprisoned in the name of liberty. Three hundred of them were rushed into the political prisons, whose names are words of horror in Venezuela. The next step was that mothers and sisters of students, ladies who have never been taught to consider public questions as their affair, paraded in mourning in silent protest, a startling phenomenon in a Latin country. An official, a son-in-law of the President, called on the general in charge of the troops in the capital to fire on them. The General replied, "I am a soldier, not an assassin." Encouraged by such a situation, a section of the garrison, led by their officers, revolted. They were suppressed by their own comrades; but it is significant that, within a few days, President Gomez was calling in to the capital fresh troops, presumably untainted with sedition, from the most distant garrison.

What the outcome will be, no one can say; but it is clear that the position of Gomez is shaky. An attempt at revolution seriously planned and important enough to affect the other nations interested in Venezuelan affairs, is undoubtedly inevitable and not far off.

Venezuela has a worse record for driving its citizens abroad than ever Russia had. It has been called by one official observer (speaking unofficially, of course), "the Siberia of the West." In recent years, many thousand citizens of Venezuela, including many men eminent in the professions, have left their native country to live in exile in various parts of the world. While the fire of freedom has been damped down at home, these men have kept its flame burning in Trinidad, New York, London and Paris. It is their position and attitude which make the coming of the revolution certain.

This country, which has exported so many of its choicest citizens, has only about two and a half millions in all. It is one of the bald patches of the commercial atlas, for, though the country is as big as France and Germany together, large parts of it remain unexplored. Much of it consists of mountain wilderness. Large tracts along the coast are too unhealthy for white men. Its agricultural riches are great, and its potential riches in oil and minerals known to be enormous. This wealthy land, occupied by what is comparatively only a handful of people, might well provide them all with the comforts of life. Instead, one or two are very rich, while the mass of the population is sunk in economic degradation. The external relations of the country are perfect. Venezuela is the world's best child among the small nations. Her international communications are prompt and courteous, interest on her debt is punctually paid. Her credit stands high. Foreign corporations doing business there receive most considerate treatment and unlimited opportunities. Charmed by the reception afforded them, both commercially and socially, the representatives of these corporations naturally regard Venezuela as a place where all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Yet certain of the natives of the land have come to see it, to their sorrow and with good reason, as no more than a pest-house, where tyranny, respecting neither age, sex nor past service to the state, indulges in cruelty for its own sake and takes its vengeance in defiance of civilization.

Any statement about the tragic tyranny in Venezuela is of course certain to be challenged by interested parties—challenged, but not disproved. The bare and indisputable truth is astonishing enough, however, to be suspect. By questioning and cross-questioning a number of the exiles from Venezuela, in each other's presence and separately, I have satisfied myself of the substantial truth of stories of sickening and bestial inhumanity. These men had seen in Venezuela's four political prisons sights which made them furious in retelling and made me wince to hear. In those so-called political prisons, where the students involved in the most recent affair are now incarcerated, thousands of men have languished, and hundreds died.

One of the most appealing cases was that of a young man who is now trying to maintain himself here in New York. He still shows in his hollow eyes and the texture of his skin the havoc of

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incarceration, even two years after his escape. His father, a doctor, had been alleged to have shown some lack of enthusiasm for the ruling clique. He disguised himself as a peasant and made his way to safety. Thereupon, the son was put into an underground cell in the old Spanish dungeon of Porto Cabello. The cell measured four yards by fourteen, and was occupied by nineteen men. The guards were men from the convict prisons, often under life sentences. They paid no attention to sickness and only dragged out the corpses as men died. Two years after he was seized, my informant, suffering from low fever, was thrust out of prison without a word of explanation. Friends helped to smuggle him out of the country, and in the purer air of the United States he is trying to build up his life again.

Another man, prematurely aged, but with a passionate vigor speaking in his toneless voice, told me how, thirteen years ago, he was a rising member of one of the prominent legal families, with bright professional prospects, having no public interests outside his career. The Gomez interests tried to use him as a tool, and when they failed, struck in the usual manner. For three or four days he was tortured by thirst, but he made it clear that such cruelty would not break his determination, and he was spared its most active forms. For several months he sat in the darkness of a solitary cell. Staples round his ankles fixed them to an iron bar, so heavy that he could only just shuffle his feet and could not raise them from the ground, so he had to sleep sitting bolt upright on his wooden bench. For two years, dead to the world, without a scrap of news, insensible of the passage of the days, he crouched in his ghastly cell.

These men and their fellow exiles have told me in words and by actions, reinforced by the marks on their own bodies, of a regular employment of torture on prisoners, who, it must be repeated, at the worst were guilty of political offenses, and had never had a trial nor even had an accusation made against them.

From time to time during the past twenty years, the pressure has been relaxed. The prisons have been emptied, and the world has been proudly informed of the fact that freedom reigned in Venezuela. Yet the shadow has continued to hang over every man who did not bend the knee to the dictator. And now, with the first sign of resistance, the old order has been restored.

The man who thus rules by the threat of thumbscrew and rack is an interesting figure. A small farmer turned soldier, he was the chief protector of President Castro. That gentleman, at an advanced age, was sent to Europe for medical treatment, and never returned. Gomez had himself elected to his place and, at first with the forms of democracy, and latterly without even a pretence of them, he has ruled as dictator. Warned by the example of his predecessor, he has curtailed his personal indulgences. Although nearly seventy, he still appears hale and hearty. While he has prospered and become one of the richest individuals on this continent, the country has sunk ever deeper into poverty. Venezuela has practically no schools. The two universities close and open at his whim. The laborers struggle in poverty; according to the figures of his own officials, the population, even of the capital, Caracas, has slowly diminished throughout his reign.

When the crisis comes, the attitude of foreign capitalists, and their home governments, will be decisive in determining the course of events in Venezuela. The great oil interests, for instance, must soon decide, if they have not already done so, which side they propose to support; and it is conceivable that the American oil men will cast their weight into one side of the scale, and the Europeans the other. The recognition policy of the United States must also play an important part. Since 1923, and to some extent before that, Washington has refused to recognize governments which have come into power by violence. This policy has heretofore been applied only in Central America, but it might easily be extended to Venezuela as well. In that country, as elsewhere, it would be extremely difficult for a new government to survive without the recognition of the United States. We might, then, see a condition where Gomez would be retained in power, or possibly restored to the place from which he had been forcibly removed, because of a policy of the United States which was originally planned as a humanitarian measure to minimize the suffering which revolution brings to the common people. A cry might even be raised for forcible intervention by the United States, a course which would suppress the revolution as the efforts of the Liberals were suppressed in Nicaragua. Decidedly, the Venezuelan question is one on which American public opinion needs to be informed, and on which it ought to make up its mind. WILSON MIDGLEY.

Surety

How do I know that you will come again?
I judge you by imperishable things
Like crab-trees rosy as the cloaks of kings,
That twice a year blow down the same tall lane.
I dare the silence in the house, each place
Without you, as a stalk of leaf, the wrong
The neighbors do you in their talk, the song
Beaten out of bells, and dusk, and a great space.
Nothing can tear the spring from out the year,
Or love from out the heart. Both hands have I
Filled with crab-bloom November as in May.
Is blossom to bough than you to me more dear?
Has the old trick of flowering been put by?
You will come back, you will come back and stay.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

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Fallacies about the Only Child

UNTIL recently, it was commonly believed that the very bright child was almost always sickly, nervous, and socially estranged. Such children were often caricatured as thin, undersized, and begoggled. Perhaps it cohered with our notion of "compensation" in the universe for the possessor of a superior mind to have an inferior body.

But at present we can no longer accept this description, for extensive research studies pursued by psychologists and physicians have shown that the gifted child, contrary to the older viewpoint, is likely to be taller, stronger, and less nervous than other children, and at least as socially inclined as they are. Accordingly, parents of bright children need no longer be especially worried about the healthy development of their offspring.

Today we encounter statements regarding the almost certain hazards and pitfalls in the path of "only" children which read like earlier accounts of similar dangers confronting gifted children. These discussions are likely to cause great concern, if not to strike terror, to the hearts of parents who have but one child.

An account of the earliest study of the only child was published in 1898 by Bohannon, a student of the late G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. The result of his questionnaire was a severe indictment of only children. Bohannon found these children to be seriously deficient physically, mentally, nervously, academically, and socially, one of their worst traits being selfishness. The results of this study have been widely quoted, and are characteristic of the present popular point of view regarding only children. The most recent appearance of this characterization in professional literature is to be found in The Mental Hygiene Bulletin for November, 1927, wherein a major article on the only child begins:

> Every parent of an only child faces the possibility that that child is more likely to present a special problem than the child of a larger family. An eminent psychologist, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, emphasized this point when he said, "Being an only child is a disease in itself."
>
> Because of the undue attention he demands and usually receives, we commonly find the only child jealous, selfish, egotistical, dependent, aggressive, domineering or quarrelsome. This is the child who is unpopular, "spoiled," and as time goes on he finds it more and more difficult to fit into life with his fellow-beings.

In a recent and widely read volume by the Blantons, entitled "Child Guidance," this doleful prognosis is presented: "The only child is greatly handicapped. He cannot be expected to go through life with the same capacity for adjustment that the child reared in the family with other children has." They point out that such a child is at a disadvantage through having to compete entirely with adults. "The only way in which he can really exceed these adults is in infantile behavior. He can scream louder than they can. He can throw himself on the floor. He can have temper seizures." They are so concerned about the fate of only children that they solemnly advise: "If, through some misfortune, there can be no other child in the family, another should be adopted in order that the child may have a companion. When there are no children in the family, it is unwise to adopt one, unless other children can be adopted with him."

Wexberg, the Viennese psychiatrist, declares: "For the most part such children have a boundless egotism, they tyrannize over their friends, and will suffer no other gods beside themselves. . . . And at school the only child is a complete failure. . . . For the majority of nervous children that one sees at home, at school, in the physician's consultation room, belong to this class. It is important to know that only children are particularly imperiled under all circumstances." He even goes so far as to suggest: "It is one of the situations where communal education in an institution has its advantages."

Just as was formerly true in the case of the gifted, so with the only children at the present time, too many of the generalizations about such children are based upon striking individual cases. The writer has been engaged in an investigation of a group of only children in comparison with a group of other children, and rather to his surprise the results failed to bear out the usual opinion. On the contrary, there seemed to be evidence for the fact that in regard to most of the unfortunate characteristics of which only children have long been accused, they are not especially different from other children.

Teachers in an Ohio school, who had known their 200 pupils (thirty-four of whom were only children) for a half-year or more, rated the children on a number of traits of character. When the ratings were summarized, it was shown that even in generosity and sociability (two traits in which only children are commonly supposed to be especially inferior), the overlapping is considerable, 90 percent or more. By this overlapping it is meant that if one hundred only children and one hundred other children taken at random were compared, ninety or more of each group would receive similar ratings. Only children, as a group, are slightly more likely than other children both to be leaders and to be unpopular, but the amount of difference is very small. In this connection, it is pertinent to note that Professors Lehman and Witty of the University of Kansas in their recent study of the play

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behavior of 3,000 children report that "the only child is but slightly less social than the average child."

In our study, the greatest difference between the two groups is in self-confidence, but even there the overlapping is large. Three percent of the only children are rated as decidedly more self-confident than other children, and another 24 percent as somewhat more. Only children, as a group, are slightly more likely than other children to be aggressive, to bully, and to insist upon having their own way. In truthfulness, the difference between the groups is small, with some tendency for the only children to err on the side of over-conscientiousness in this respect. There is a slight tendency for the only children to be happier and more optimistic as a group. In modesty, the overlapping is 80 percent, more of the only children being rated as decidedly self-assured or conceited. Only children, as a group, are slightly less obedient than others, but the overlapping here is 88 percent. In initiative, there is 85 percent overlapping. A few more of the only children are rated very high in originality, but also a few more are considered decidedly lacking in this trait. As for the allegedly greater emotional instability among only children, Mr. Stuart of Colgate University, studying college men, found no confirmation of this opinion. My own studies of college men and women, and of school children, have tended toward a similar result.

Here, as in all scientific study of children, conclusions must be drawn with caution. The only child needs to be studied further. But, as a result of our investigations, it seems that a great deal of harm has probably been done, and is being done, to only children and to their parents by too much emphasis upon certain traits of character as being *almost certainly* characteristic of such children. Parents and teachers, in general, seem to accept without question the suggestion that only children are, *by the very fact of being only children,* predestined to be peculiar and difficult. That these opinions are fairly characteristic of ordinary persons is exemplified by the following instance. At the first meeting of a university class in child psychology for prospective teachers, I asked my students to write out a brief description of what they thought the only child to be like—what sort of a child they would expect to find if, before the class had convened, they noted on the school register that one of their pupils was an only child. Of the group of fifty, but two (both only children!) believed that such children were likely to be normal; the rest gave the usual descriptions, some even going so far as to state that they could pick them out at sight! The aspersion most frequently cast upon the only child was that he is selfish and spoiled, next, that he is lacking in sociability and makes adjustments to other children with great difficulty.

It is not supposed that any one study of a problem will answer all its questions in a final way. The study of only children made at Ohio University does, however, seem to point to a very significant conclusion, one we need to consider in many problems in divers walks of life. This lesson is that the drawing of general conclusions from striking individual instances is a very dangerous error. All too often, in estimating the qualities of racial, social, and occupational types, we err in displaying a tendency to form judgments of individuals *in advance*—before they ever have a chance to define their personalities. In the case of only children, it seems that an *a priori* judgment along the lines of popular prejudice may be, in many cases, a source of grave injustice. NORMAN FENTON.

Our Arts

The Re-Discovery of America: XII

EVERY work of art has two aspects which analysis may separately consider: esthetically, it is an organism endowed with its own irreducible life; culturally, it is a sum of elements, psychological and social. The esthetic aspect is clearly the ultimate and the more important; but it can be approached only when the cultural bases are given, even as man can be intelligently judged *as a man* only when there is some knowledge of the physiology, psychology and sociology of which he is the product. The aim here is strictly cultural, and in a special sense. It is to continue our composition of the portrait of American life, by abstracting typical lines from typical forms of our arts: and, of course, the purpose of this portrait is to help create the American consciousness without which there can be no American leadership. It should thus be plain why this article does not attempt to cover the whole field of our arts, or even to judge completely the few examples it selects. . . .

These current arts, literary, plastic, musical, reveal two facts: the enormous energy of American life does not infuse them, and the American traditions do not inform them. South of us, the case is otherwise. We find, for example, that the best painters of Mexico and Peru have absorbed their classic Amerindian forms, mastered the technique of modern Paris, shared the experience of the native, and welded the life of all these forces into a contemporary plastic action. Not less consummately do the tales and dances of Argentina employ the

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traditions of a people almost purely Latin to express a spirit wholly American. Our Southern brothers have been more fortunate than we, in the conditions that create an ethos. In Mexico and Peru, conqueror and conquered intermarried for four hundred years; there has been this profound dying together of Indian and European, and a rising of new life, darkly and naturally, from the soil to the sky. In the Argentine and Chile, where the Indian element is weak (as with us), there has been more harmony of European strains, more isolation for their self-adjustment: a deep indwelling in lieu of the wide centrifugal urge of our "manifest destiny." The racial and economic wholeness of these lands has bound their experience together and given the ethos for cultural expression. Their political instability is not, as we suppose, a mark of their inferiority. Rather it is a sign of healthy adolescence. They are folk in whom exists an immediate bond between impulse and action. The disorder of their governments, while, of course, it points to immature control, rises from the same need of making a whole of idea and behavior, which creates true order in their arts. And our political stability, of which we are so proud, is a result of the same irresponsiveness to our intuitions which makes us poor in art. Their disorder is a negative sign of life: our order is the menace of a death. . . .

Our arts are the victims of the circumstances we have studied. A work of art is a particular constructed body from which is to be derived the *experience* of unity between the self and what is not the self. It is the simplest as well as the ultimate integer of wholeness. In a jungle of deliquescent, unassimilated forces; in a field of Power whose action, as we have seen, is against this marriage of self with the non-self, art will struggle feverishly and fecklessly. In such a world, it will be most cryingly needed, most passionately sought for, most difficult to achieve. Often it will be corrupted wholly from its esthetic purpose, to become a mere mirror or apology of Power. Often it will emerge impure from its matrix of the world, maimed by the forces it should fuse, stifled by the traditions which should nourish it.

The art most grandiosely reflective of our reign of Power is the skyscraper, which we have analyzed already. Other arts wholly reflective and apologetic are the popular movie, the newspaper, the magazine short story, the academic painting, the realistic novel. At a popular depth where the relics of past custom still lie thick, this last art becomes the tales of Harold Bell Wright; on more sophisticated levels where the winds of dissolution blow the shards away, we have the galaxy of gilded fiction which commands most of the praise of our reviewers. Mrs. Wharton, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, are examples: their competent stuff is reflective, mechanical, apologetic: esthetically, it is one with the clumsier confections. It is so wholly debauched from art's dynamic purpose that it presents no true esthetic body.

More interesting is the art which is part reflection and apology of our chaos, and part rebellion from it. Here a recreative will is at work on the substance of American life, strong enough to assert its presence but not so strong that it transfigures the chaos. Jazz music and the vaudeville grotesque dance are of this group. The Charleston mirrors the movements of the machine in the reflexes of the human nerves; but personal revolt flashes from within these trammels in lyric outburst. The forms of such popular dances are direct transcriptions of the life of man within the mechanical jungle; they thrill us because of the emergence of rebellion: but the revolt is wistful, it does not master, it is reflective rather than creative. Jazz music is a similar flutter of dissent from the traditional base of harmonic, melodic forms. Its body is of our jungle of traditions: German romantic music, for the most part. The jazz consists of departures, angular, sporadic, in no way organic, from the old foundations. In the songs of Irving Berlin, for instance, the musical materials and the values are the direct descendants of romantic *Lieder:* these elements he shuffles into his own American expression.[1] Alike is the poetry of T. S. Eliot. Here, the mood is also wistful and romantic, but the body of the art is derived from a more intellectual tradition: English poetry, aristocratic sentiment, a vague oriental wisdom are subtly disarrayed to bear the mood of a meager modern soul. Esthetically and culturally, there is little to choose between the best of Berlin and "Mr. Prufrock" or "The Waste Land."

In this group also belong the works of John Dos Passos and John Howard Lawson. The substance of "Manhattan Transfer," as in the grotesque dance, is the angular disarray of city life. And from this reflection rises the lyric note, loose, leaping, fading. In "The Moon Is a Gong," "Processional," or "The International," our mirrored jungle is employed clumsily to voice a spiritual assertion which would be magnificent (particularly in the case of Lawson) if it were organic and conscious. The social-revolutionary twist in the writings of these men is esthetically kin to the personal sentiment in our music shows. It is a lyrical addition, it transfigures nothing. Mr. Lawson is satisfied to let his characters shout Revolution, as Al Jolson to mutter Mammy. A better performance, but still of the same class, is the "Him" of E. E. Cummings. Within the chaos of our world, poetically imaged as a woman's ether dream, she who is "me" and her lover who is "him" stir helplessly. Delirium corrodes the illusion of their real world. They lose, in their abject solitude, the certainty even of their passion. In this play, as in his lyrics,

[1] It is worth noting that the two races which are most assimilative and reflective, yet most maladjusted to our Jungle—the Negro and the Jew—are preëminent in the Jazz arts.

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Mr. Cummings has found for the popular dance and jazz an equivalent in terms of the highest impressionistic art of Europe. The nostalgia of T. S. Eliot and Berlin is feeble; it is the refrain, dissolved in our world, of early nineteenth-century romantics (Musset and Nerval—Schubert and Robert Franz). In Mr. Cummings, the language is authentic. A personal compassion transforms the texture, if not the text of life. Modern hands, within the dynamo of modern life, unable to direct it or to stop it, or to withdraw from it to safety, bleed and writhe and of their agony weave music.

Of this class, also, is the rhetorical art of H. L. Mencken. To understand his appeal one must think of Jolson shouting Mammy, of Miss Brice's Yiddish Indian, of the vaudeville performer Cummings who, at the sight of a girl in a bathing suit, tears off his shirt, devours his straw hat and breaks a grand piano. Mr. Mencken is a critic only in the sense of this Cummings, whose demoniac outburst "criticizes" our Puritan repressions. Beyond a fondness for Haydn, and good beer, a superficial reading of Nietzsche, and a yeoman's service in collecting (without understanding) American foibles, there is no evidence in Mr. Mencken of intellectual action. But he exhibits well his minor poet's soul; and the fact that he does this by playing the cymbals should not deafen us to his kinship with Eliot and Berlin. Here again, the chaos he rebels from becomes the reflective body of his art: it is revealed in his violent bumptiousness of phrase, his smooth external rhythms, his exhibitionism. The personal lyric note emerging from his "message" is a dim desire for some sort of hierarchized order, where Mr. Mencken's childish will for Power will lord it over others. The art of Sinclair Lewis is of this family. The substance is Main Street; the type characters, admirably stylized, are syncopated to suggest a rebellion against Main Street. This is done, as in our grotesque dance, by bending the gestures of compliance with chaos, into a revolt from chaos—a revolt which remains lyric, inorganic. These artists are critics of our society, only if the dancer of the Charleston is a critic. The critical sense is in *us;* it brings us a dim dissatisfaction with our world; and by their transfiguring of our disease into a lyric outburst, they relieve us. If a critic is a revealer, the scold is the contrary of the critic. The critic's satisfaction is understanding; the scold's is an emotional violence that drains the need of understanding. . . . In the books of Theodore Dreiser, the reflection of our jungle is more deep, because the man's refusal is more profound and more engaging of his passion. All of Mr. Dreiser broods, whereas only the nerves of Mr. Lewis leap. His tune is plaintively self-suffering, rather than sadistic. His richer temperament makes darker and more plastic the reflected chaos of our world. Yet he belongs in this group.

Its dominant trait justifies calling it "the family of jazz"; for the trick in the jazz dance or song, the jazz comic strip, the jazz vaudeville stunt, of twisting a passive reflex to our world into a lyrical self-expression is in all these arts. Eliot and Berlin, Cummings and Lewis have the same appeal. The fact that some have a small audience and some a large, is due to a mere difference in their idioms: another proof of the essential likeness of all American "atoms"—high-brow or low. Devotion to our chaos underlies and directs the shallower rebellion from it. Servitude is perhaps the precise word. In ideal and emotion, these men are measured by the dissolute world from which they yearn to make escape. Their nostalgia is but the perfume of decay. Their art reflects what they hate because *they* are reflections; its lyric glow is our world's phosphorescence. Other artists are moved by a revolt more absolute. They reject wholly the ideas and substance of our chaos; they are forced elsewhere and variously for the material of their work. The rejection implies that they have not found. The true way of the artist is neither to reflect nor to reject the world; but to accept and transform it. An example of this group, at its worst, is James Branch Cabell. The revolt is clear enough in him; but his refusal of the America about him merely causes him to lapse into a bookish sterile manneristic fancy.

More significant is the way of Sherwood Anderson. In his best tales—"Winesburg," "The Triumph of the Egg," "Dark Laughter"—the man's refusal of the world about him drives him into a search and cult of the elemental in himself. His characters are figures of primitive desire; they enact the hungers which a surface civilization has driven underground and kept wistful and weak. The intellectualizing Anderson is an unconscious follower of Rousseau. But the artist draws luminous portraits, more musical than plastic, of the childish consciousness of the American soul. The inside of a thing may be soft, the outside hard: only a two-dimensional eye would thence deduce that the hardness and softness did not go together. Thus, the contrast of Mr. Anderson and the sophisticate school (in which Ernest Hemingway excels) is but an oscillation of the adolescent mind, from one temper to another. Sentimental tears react into sentimental toughness. Nothing, said Taine, so much resembles convex as concave. Mr. Hemingway has clamped the masque of bravado on the bewildered visage of Mr. Anderson's seeker. The world of both is one; the motive of escape beneath their contrasting methods is one, also.

Over the same course, other artists have progressed to more plastic worlds of their own: worlds that are less simply *theirs*. Robert Frost, who wrote

> I may as well confess myself the author
> Of several volumes against the world in general

may stand for this group, at its best. His poems are a haven from the irrelevant storm of our mod-

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ern chaos. In them, the farms and farmers of New Hampshire grow into abstracted lives, classic in their aloofness, hard with his own experience, and radiant with his spirit. The miracle, here, is that the art is at once detached and essentially involved with "the world in general" that it refuses. It is a germinal seed, and its author is a prophet. For the transformed survival of the rotted natives of Frost's New England in Frost's poems bespeaks his own survival, and their capacity of transformation. The possibility—and the terrible cost—of spiritual birth in our America is here revealed. In the novels of Evelyn Scott, we find how such birth can miscarry. Mrs. Scott, whose genius should place her as high among American writers of her sex as Miss O'Keeffe stands among women painters, both rejects and embraces the world. She proves the analogy of hate with love. The characters of "The Narrow House," "Ideals," "Narcissus," are men and women wrenched from the womb of life. They are formed, they are plastic; all they lack is to be born. In frozen dumb-show, she puts them through their postures. In the glare of her inverted love, their colors are stains, their passions the grimace of her own distrust. If they have life, it is still within their author: it is the life of her compassionate hatred.

The triumph of John Marin, water-colorist, is more direct, more endearing, more *alive*. Like the best of Wordsworth or of Shelley, his work is perfect and as an esthetic body it demands acceptance. John Marin has found the human world dark and unwieldy. But there is light in trees, in fences, in mounds of earth, in the glance of sun on sails: and from this he has made the grammar of his soul. The common details of his landscapes are revalued like common words in a lyric. What they express is ample for the artist: yet not ample for us, precisely because they articulate his refusal to form his beauty from the world of men. A comparison with Cézanne reveals the cause of our dissatisfaction. The Frenchman paints *anything*—from hayricks to nudes. His physical world is penetrable, as a whole, by his transfiguring spirit. And this entire interfusion between the man and the world gives us in his work an experience whose esthetic intensity is religious. Mr. Marin's plastic, compounded of sun and the Maine mists, would be a remarkable asset in any culture. For us to note, however, is the same refusal to accept the immediate materials of our chaos and to transfigure these into his beauty. The fact that Marin (like so many of our leading artists) paints an uninhabited world is a symbol. The man who has won or inherited wholeness in himself, through the experience of his connection with all men, may convey this integration in any subject: witness the still-lifes of Chardin, the landscapes of Cézanne. But in Marin, these subjects are a refuge for his separateness from the human world. His art is transcendental. It is too close in spirit to the hermitage of Brook Farm, where fine spirits sought solace from industrialism by denying it. We must have art that is not retreat; that is conquest.

Myths of refuge within the self, or within the aloof poesy of country fields, may be high art; and they are needed in a period of pre-culture: they quicken both the self and the chaos—warm them and make them ready for the creative union. In the art of Charles Chaplin, we have eloquent proof that this preparatory process is a trait of us all, folk and intellectual alike. The world of Charles Chaplin is alone yet in constant touch with the world "outside." To express his subterfuge from Dullness, he has created a masque that his whole body forms; and all mankind loves, in its dark hour of relaxation, to hide behind it. He is a supreme expression of this group of artist; one wonders, indeed, if escape could make more loveliness than his. Note that the immortal little man never confronts the world; even his walk is a symbol of sly ambling out of the way; and the most perfect close to a Chaplin film is the back-turned figure lessening to the horizon. Note also Chaplin's inability to construct a plot that is more than a negative foil to himself. He carries his cosmos within him—from his feet to the tip of his cane; all else is irrelevance. But in this mite resides the beauty and grace. We are for him, since in his dwarfed domain dwells all our love. We give him victory over Power. Charlie working in a bank (as we do), running from the police, hurling impotent pies at Authority and Order, is a cancer of sweetness and light within the bitter body of our darkness. Yet the assumption of his art is ever that these things we love are fanciful, unreal and helpless. There is no hope, no encounter, no actual issue. Chaplin is a pessimist and a defeatist (like all great masters of the comic). Comedy is the art of escape; and the implication of escape is that there is no hope in standing firm. The art of confrontation is tragedy. Where there is hope of life, there is the will to face it in its bitter truth, there is the need to prove hope by the truth. The song of Chaplin is the reverse. Its motif is a sly self-preservation through a refusal of the challenge of our jungle and a retreat into a personal realm of faëry. There, in the sureness of the unreal, with beauty and love platonically present, one dares give a fillip—even a kick to the world!

So far we have come: to refuse disorder, and to make little insulate havens—sudden, breathless victories—of our own. These creations are *in spite* of the modern chaos: now, groping, stumbling, move forth the artists whose sense of their work is tragic. Like the prophets, from Moses to Whitman, they conceive art as created *from*, and not in spite of, chaos. Whitman naturalized within our world the project of such art; less clearly, Melville. They did little more. In its place, we shall consider the precise meaning of their message. Here,

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it is enough to say that the jungle of fact, value and tradition, which was too strong for their grappling, in our day has grown still more inchoate.

The ideal world we have inherited is finally dissolved; therefore the message of our fathers, based on those forms, must be transfigured by us, ere we can use it. To our tragic artists there remains only the *apocalyptic method*. They must literally make over the plasmic stuffs of their experience into the form of their vision. Elements of this apocalyptic purpose are to be found in our arts: in the dance of Isadora Duncan, in the sculpture of Gaston Lachaise, in the paintings of Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Marsden Hartley, in the music of Leo Ornstein, in the mystical verse of Hart Crane, in the "Lazarus Laughed" of Eugene O'Neill, in the photographic studies, by Alfred Stieglitz, of the skies and of the nude. These last, perhaps, the most American of all, since the substance of the man's apocalyptic vision is *recorded nature* and since his tool is a machine. But these apocalyptic arts are not yet current. They must not, they cannot be discussed here. Later, we shall understand more directly their values and function. Whether such arts grow depends on the growth of the America we envisage: and whether this America comes to be depends on the growth of such arts.

From our swift search, we turn to the enormous energy of the American world, made manifest in our tumultuous mountains, in our sea-like plains, in our meteor climates, in our cities, in our babel of folks; we turn to the challenge of our tradition, as Emerson, Whitman, Poe announced it; and we are confirmed in the two statements with which this article began. There is small connection between these splendors and our arts. Our arts are fragmented by the chaos of our jungle, servile beneath them; childishly rebellious or self-assertive weakly by escape. At best, they are helpless to embrace and to transfigure the *flesh* of our world. Our artists, even in their intentions, make no whole of their destiny as Americans and as heirs of Man. They must learn to accept what swarms within and without them, ere they can *be* the seed of a creative future. But they cannot accept, until they learn to understand. Against this understanding, there works a negative and a positive obstruction. We have no concepts and no values of wholeness; we are so bewildered by our jungle that we lack the most elementary knowledge of what art is, the most elementary means for mastery of art's materials. The positive obstruction is the complex of forces, inherited from our past and cluttering the expansion of our potential spirit. These forces I call censors. We must consider them next.

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Our Censors," will appear in our issue of May 23.)

Washington Notes

THE Republican primaries in Indiana, to be held on May 8, in which Jim Watson, the world's most complete bluff, is running against Herbert, the human bee, are interesting but not really as important in their bearing upon the Republican presidential selection as the excitement of the Washington correspondents would indicate. Of course, if Herbert should by any chance carry the state, his nomination would be so completely cinched that all fun would evaporate from the fight and the anti-Hoover alliance would literally crumble to pieces. Since Ohio and Massachusetts fell into Herbert's bag, however, the anti-Hoover allies have cut a sorry figure, and few persons not obviously jaundiced now doubt that the success of the Hoover candidacy is assured. Capturing Indiana would put Herbert's nomination under the head of finished business, but he does not need the state.

After his clean-up in Ohio, I should not be surprised if Herbert won in Indiana, in spite of the odds against him, but whether he wins or loses, he ought to have credit for a certain gallantry in making the fight there. On form, a "favorite son" with a state machine ought to beat any outsider in a preference primary. The fact that Hoover went into both Ohio and Indiana broke the rules of the game; but it also broke up the pretty plan to get enough states in hand, either in the favorite-son or the uninstructed class, to keep a majority against him in the convention. Looking back, it seems clear the Hoover decision to go into Ohio was the turning point in his campaign. Had he kept out they could probably have "ganged" him at Kansas City. It is interesting, I think, to know that Herbert made that decision himself and overruled some of his Ohio advisers, who were disposed to counsel a fight only in a few districts. As for Indiana, one of his main handicaps there, I am told, is the unpopularity of ex-Governor Jim Goodrich, generally regarded as his Indiana manager. How Hoover and Goodrich ever became such friends is hard to understand. The gap between them is as wide as it can be.

Of course, outside interest in the Indiana contest is largely stimulated by the political degradation of the state. In recent years it has become synonymous with corruption. The belief that the decent people of the state would welcome an opportunity to register resentment against the crowd that has shamed Indiana before the nation constituted the principal reason why the Hoover managers put their horse in the race there. In spite of the machine, and the odds on the favorite son, they believed the chance was too good to throw away. As things stand, should Jim Watson (whose gall in proposing himself for the presidency causes one to regard him with a sort of awed admiration) make good his boast and beat Herbert by a hundred thousand, all it will mean will be that the most unsavory and discredited political machine in the country has shown its continuing power. On the contrary, should Herbert win in Indiana—or even poll a big vote against the Watson faction—it would simply stall the whole engine of the anti-Hoover machine.

The most interesting incident of the Indiana fight, to me, occurred in Washington just before Jim went out

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to make his final swing around the state. According to the story, as authoritatively reported, he called on the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of voicing his indignation over the announced purpose of Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Mellon's literary aide, adviser, assistant and friend, to enter Indiana on a speech-making tour for Herbert.

"Mr. Secretary," bellowed Jim, with his hand on the old gentleman's thin and brittle knee, his voice vibrating with emotion, "what I want to know is this—are you a square shooter?"

It is reported that, aghast and bewildered by the throbbing, thumping, disheveled presence of the aggrieved Jim, Mr. Mellon quaveringly replied that he tried to be.

"Well," said Jim, "do you call it square shooting to let this man Mills come into Indiana trying to cut my heart out? Do you call that square shooting?"

The old gentleman timorously volunteered that different people looked at these things differently.

That led Jim to another and longer oration, in which he denounced Herbert and Ogden with vehemence and beat his breast. Filling the air with threats, he then departed, breathing heavily through the nose and leaving the sainted Andrew in a sad state of bewilderment and exhaustion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Mellon did not, following his recovery, attempt to measure up to the Watson idea of a square shooter by calling off the eloquent and earnest Mr. Mills, who, it may as well be understood, early took particular pains to inform himself of his exalted chief's willingness, before he began to gallop around the country, making speeches and statements in Herbert's interest.

It would be terrible if Square-Shooter Watson were beaten on May 8, in his own home state and by his own dear people, but I think I could bear up under the blow. So, too, I think, could Mr. C. Coolidge, who has the same personal affection for Square-Shooter Watson that he has for a buffalo or some other large and bellowing beast of the fields. Speaking of Mr. C. Coolidge calls to mind his fourth renunciation, which, as some low, golf-playing Senator remarked the other day, put him one up on Julius Cæsar, and which was made in his letter to dear old Papa Stearns' son-in-law just before the Massachusetts primaries. The interesting part of that fourth renunciation, which unquestionably helped Herbert quite a lot, was the way in which it came about. I am credibly informed that Dr. Work, manager emeritus for Herbert, went over to the White House and frankly told C. Coolidge that unless he did something to stop the little game of William Morgan Butler and Son-in-law Prescott to have the voters in Massachusetts write in his name on the ballot, it would be very bad indeed. The fact that C. Coolidge did do something, and did it right away, seems to me the most striking and convincing proof of his support of the Herbert candidacy. I do not see how he could give any better. And it was certainly effective.

It is a little late to mention it, and there never was any chance of its cutting much figure in the campaign anyhow, but before the Sinclair case gets too far in the background I would like to express my unimportant, but considered opinion, that Mr. Martin W. Littleton, Mr. Sinclair's personal attorney, did not enhance his reputation as a result of the trial. It is true, he got his client off and he got a very large fee—or so it is supposed—for so doing, but the question is, Was it worth it? It probably was to Mr. Littleton. It certainly would not be to many other men. I am familiar with the arguments by which lawyers justify their efforts to have clients whom they believe to be guilty declared innocent, and I am not making a point about that. There does, however, seem to me to be a point at which self-respect demands that a lawyer assert himself. In this instance, Mr. Littleton's client did two things either one of which would have caused a good many lawyers instantly to throw up the case. First, without Mr. Littleton's knowledge and behind his back, Mr. Sinclair set detectives on the jury; second, he deliberately deceived his lawyer and thus led him into making false statements to the court. It is difficult for a layman to see how any spirited man, with ordinary sensitiveness about such things, could permit any client, however wealthy, to treat him in that sort of way without some show of resentment. Yet the only resentment Mr. Littleton showed was resentment over the suggestion that he ought to be resentful.

A good many men would have told Mr. Sinclair what they thought of him and quit his case in disgust—and they would have been completely justified in so doing. If Mr. Littleton had done that, he would have not only added much to his personal dignity and reputation as a lawyer, but would have performed a signal service to his profession. But to the courteous and quiet question of Senator Walsh whether, in view of the fact that his client had lied to him, it would not be ethical for him to retire from the case, Mr. Littleton's only reply was a coarse epithet and a truculent tirade. I do not know what Littleton's fee was, but whatever it was, I think he earned it.

Washington T. R. B.

An Exposition for Parents

SO FAR as I know, this fascinating and provocative exposition, which occupied three floors of the Grand Central Palace all last week, is the first of its kind. I hope it will not be the last. Parents have even more to learn than children. And children will never be properly taught until parents try to find out how it is done, and acquire at least a smattering of a science which must seem, when they look back upon their own school days, something completely new.

No one brought up in the stern old days of Latin, Greek, and college-board exams can help feeling, as he wanders through the Grand Central Palace, a longing to go to school all over again himself. How different it might have been, how much better he would be now; what extraordinary human beings these groping experiments, this recognition that all children are different, are going to turn out in a distant future. A very distant future, I am afraid, for if this exposition shows what strange, hopeful things are stirring in modern education, it also reveals a bubbling, fermenting chaos where nothing as yet is certain, where everything is still to a great extent ex-

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ploration, and where theory has already begun, rather discouragingly, to jell.

I suppose a time will come when every intelligent parent will spend a hundred hours a year visiting his children's school and understanding its methods, and another hundred hours reading the vast literature which, by leaps and bounds, is pushing the frontier of educational knowledge further and further into the unknown. Such a parent would find his way around this exposition without bewilderment. But since today's parent, no matter how intelligent, is profoundly ignorant, he will be constantly saying to himself, as he passes from booth to booth, Why wasn't I told about that before? or, What in the world does this mean?

The kinds of education hinted at in this exposition could be roughly divided in two. On one floor are exhibits from the New York public schools, on the next floor are those of private schools and educational organizations. The public schools deal more with children in masses (though they are less and less regimented every year), and they aim more directly at fitting the child for the wage-earning world he is going to have to live in. The private schools, only the more experimental and progressive of which seem here to be represented, are definitely more anxious that the talents and characteristics of individuals should be brought out, and they are not overshadowed by the eventual necessity of the job.

In the public-school section you see automobile-repairing, metal-working, weaving, printing classes actually at work. Boys of twelve or thirteen set type and manipulate the job-presses while you look on. It is impressively practical, but you have seen it before. This sort of manual-craft training is done in any public school worthy the name, and in many private ones as well. In another corner two girls of ten or eleven are raking over a small patch of earth while seven other girls stand around. The rakes with which the two girls are scratching the earth are longer than the patch of ground itself. A pitiful picture of how much agriculture a child can find in the five-storied urban acres of New York.

Not far away is a sight which, though I know that what is taught is highly necessary and useful, was rather depressing. A class of girls in white aprons busy in the "Home-making Apartment." A suite of three rooms, with the fourth wall missing so you can see the girls at work. A white enamelled kitchen, a dining room, a parlor. Hideous new furniture, about as much like a home as the show window of a department store. And the girls will grow up, I take it, to want just that sort of a home, and just those same terrible chairs and varnished tables.

Now here, on the next floor, is a strong contrast with this drab practicality: the exhibit of the Ramapo Valley Day School. Children of eight or thereabouts. Drawings of Indian pueblos, bits of Hopi weaving, pottery, knick-knacks, amazingly true to the originals, and all done by children in New Jersey. For months, apparently, these children were taught everything, arithmetic, writing, reading, natural history, in the process of a prolonged project study of one Indian tribe. These children will go through life enthusiastically and deeply learned in the habits of the Hopis. These children wrote to Hopi children, and were so keen about their anthropological educational game that they wanted to go on with it indefinitely. I recall Dr. Meiklejohn's plan for his revolutionary college, in which the entire freshman year was to be spent in the study of different aspects of Greek civilization. Well, perhaps the Hopis are our Greeks.

A carefully briefed schedule made out by one of the Ramapo teachers avowed that the social and intellectual gains derived from the study of Indian life by these eight-year-olds included "Joy in the work" and "Rich content and atmosphere." Very likely this is true. Perhaps I am wrong to mistrust these and similar long-syllabled schemata full of "rich content." I can't help feeling that some of the pretentious and fussy formality which seems inseparable from progressive education may get under the children's skin. Just as I never feel comfortable when I see two dozen New York schoolgirls in bloomers going through the self-conscious, puerile evolutions of a resurrected folk-dance.

The most easily understood, and for me the most interesting, exhibits were the numerous examples of children's art. The contrast between the objects and the designs turned out in the commercial or industrial art classes of the high schools, and the free creation of younger children in the private schools was as extraordinary as it was discouraging. The commercial posters, book covers, advertisements, costumes were almost uniformly strident in color and harsh in composition. It seems incredible that the children's own taste, if allowed to develop along its own lines from the time they were old enough to draw four legs on a horse, would have resulted in such atrocities. I wonder who is doing the teaching in such classes, and steers the children toward something so glib, competent and astonishingly ugly.

For relief and amazed delight turn to the drawings from the Child Education Foundation, the Edgewood School at Greenwich, the City and Country School, the St. John's School, or, best of all, the very remarkable collection of oils, crayons, water-colors from the Walden High School. You will immediately be face to face with the full mystery and inscrutable depth of the imagination of a child. As art, many of these things are very good indeed, but as human documents they are endlessly fascinating. The change from age to age is here demonstrated in ways which you can feel without being able to put them into words. From the gay grotesques of those first rainbow attempts at cows, trains and trees, the great gob of green which a boy of five labelled "just a moon," to the happy riot of form and color of nine or ten, to the morbid and sometimes strangely beautiful abstractions and introspections of adolescence, you can trace the dark growth which, once they have passed it, is beyond the power of adults to understand. From a human point of view, these touching and fantastic daubs are far more interesting than the bulk of grown-up art.

It is very much to be hoped that the parents' exposition will be held again next year, and that every parent who takes his title seriously will go to see it, and be excited and mystified, and ask himself questions. For questions are the beginning of education at any age.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Gentlemen, Be Seated

"GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED," by Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth, (Doubleday, Doran), "is presented not as an obituary to minstrelsy, but as an advance notice of its permanent life," the authors declare, as the final sentence to their volume. By it they mean to say that the colored minstrel survives in such black-face players as Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor, and in various skits here and there in vaudeville, in the situations and gags that make up comic sketches, in topical songs, and, most of all, in the colored entertainers with their jazz of diverse kinds that have come so much into favor. They are thinking, also, of the recent revival of the minstrel show in such enterprises as the Radio Minstrels, whose performance is both seen by an audience and heard over the radio, a rebirth of minstrelsy at the microphone and revival in the theater, the tradition preserved "in the glorified style of up-to-date production."

This, no doubt, is true. The minstrel show goes on in one form or another, and its contribution to the theater will survive forever. But the old-time minstrels, about whom this book is properly written, are past and gone. The straight minstrel show began its wane as far back as the seventies and eighties, when the touring companies were at their height and were playing every season for a few weeks at least in New York, in order to get the metropolitan endorsement, which was thought then, as it is now, to be necessary before the company took to the road. And variety, afterwards called vaudeville, and musical comedy had begun, as the authors point out, to have their innings. The appearance of "actual females" in shows made it hard for the all-man companies, with their performers, often widely renowned, of "wench" roles; and these long-happy favorites came to have less and less chance against the beauty and cleverness of such actresses as Lillian Russell, and the liveliness and voice of Della Fox, and, most of all, the chorus girls in tights—the days of the minstrel show in New York were over. And now Lew Dockstader is dead, and Al. G. Fields, whose company, long surviving him on the road, came to a melancholy close in Cincinnati not very long ago. The minstrel show in the old sense is gone. And this fact gives all the more worth and interest to the record of it that "Gentlemen, Be Seated" affords us.

This book is from the hands of Dailey Paskman, whose name in the minstrel field is well known, and Sigmund Spaeth, the authority on popular songs, who graces those tuneful treasuries, "Read 'Em and Weep" and "Weep Some More, My Lady." "Gentlemen, Be Seated" is a mine whose contents must speak for themselves. An account of what it contains is the best comment on a book of such delightful knowledge.

There is first, then, an opening chapter on minstrels in general, an appeal to the vista of history, an effort to relate our colored minstrelsy to the medieval singer, the Border ballads, and what not, which is as it may be—you may take it or leave it; I leave it. Then begins the glorious record, the chronicle of black-face. Thomas D. Rice, known in the profession as Daddy Rice, seems admittedly the first to discover what might be the value of a "race illustration" of Negro character. In Cincinnati he heard an old Negro singing a song of Jim Crow, shuffling to it with his feet as he sang. This grew into the famous Jim Crow song, and the phrase into common use—the Jim Crow cars in the South, for example. It was with Daddy Rice that the great Joseph Jefferson had his first appearance on the stage, when he was brought on in a valise, to emerge as a tiny Jim Crow and join Rice in his song and dance.

Minstrel troupes arose here and there, with triumphs in New York, Philadelphia, this town and that, and even tours to London, where the Queen gave rings to certain of them with the royal crest. They called themselves the "Virginia Troopers," the "Big Four," the "Congo Melodists," the "New Orleans Serenaders," the "Sable Harmonizers," "Ordway's Aeolians," "Washington Utopians," and went on bigger and bigger till they got to "New Gigantic Minstrels," "Mammoth Minstrels," and the "Superb Operatic Minstrels," not to speak of epithets like "Magnificent" and "Refined" which were in due season evolved.

We have a chapter on the sacred First Part of the minstrel show, that lay-out—which must never be upset—with Tambo and Bones at the ends of the crescent, the impeccable Interlocutor, always getting the worst of it, in the exact center. The curtain rises, the audience applauds, the leader, in the center, says "Gentlemen, be seated," and the jokes begin: "Good evening, Mr. Bones, how are you this evening?" Mr. Bones feels like a stovepipe. How's that? A little smutty. These jokes lead up to the song specialties, the banjo playing, and the final triumphant "walk-around," Bones and Tambo tilting back at forty-five degrees, balancing their musical instruments high in the air, the whole company making all the noise it can, the band sounding that last triumphal chord, and the curtain down on the First Part.

In the Second Part, there is less thought of tradition and technique. Here there is room for all sorts of individual performances, for parodies and burlesques and comic dialogues and plays, and often a complete drama, with serious situations if you chose, called the "afterpiece." From this Second Part developed much of the form of our modern revues, the team acts, one straight, one comic, the burlesque, songs, dances, sketches. And from the old storehouses of the minstrel scripts and published manuals are taken no little of our modern comic matter, conscienceless revampings of whatever lies happily to hand.

"Gentlemen, Be Seated" reprints many of the famous songs from the minstrel shows: "Jim Crow," "The Origin of the Banjo," Billy Emerson's celebrated "Big Sun Flower," "Old Man Tucker," "Root, Hog, or Die," "Wake Nicodemus," "Josiphus Orange Blossom," "Stop Dat Knocking at My Door," "Ring Dat Golden Bell," "Nancy Fat," "Walk In the Parlor," and others, including some of those sweeter pieces of sentiment, *andantino espressivo,* like "A Lock of My Mother's Hair," which were to flower later on in the nineties so inexhaustibly, with their climax perhaps in "Just Break the News to Mother" or "After the Ball."

We have also accounts of producing centers for minstrelsy in New York, San Francisco, Brooklyn, Chicago and Philadelphia, in which last it flourished long after its

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best days in New York were over; and short records of the famous teams like McIntyre and Heath or Harrigan and Hart, of figures in charcoal sketches like Lew Dockstader, Dick José and "Pony" Moore, of the entrance—significant for future developments—into the minstrel field of the colored players themselves, who up to the time had been impersonated by white performers only, and of the institution of the parade through welcoming streets—a parade whose image in the mind's eye this book wishes to recreate as a pattern for its contents.

STARK YOUNG.

A New York Diary

KEEP SHUFFLIN'" has a strong score with two excellent songs, "Sippi" and "Give Me the Sunshine," the latter well sung, blues-wise, by Jean Starr. It is helped out by a hot orchestra, with Jabbo Smith "behind the bugle," and the furious two-piano team of Jimmy Johnson "on the black keys" and Fats Waller "on the white." Billie Yarbo does cock-eyed dancing of the sort that yanked Josephine Baker out of "Runnin' Wild" and into the Folies Bergère, let alone the nobility; the Yarbonian technique, however, is less advanced than that of her model. There is also fast hoofing by Byron Jones and Maude Russell and some distinguished strutting by the tall, comely and happily undekinked Honey Brown. Miller and Lyles, who need no introduction, are assisted in the comedy by a small brown quasi-edwynn named John Vigal. Even an indifferent colored musical show is likely to be worth seeing, because a theatrical company cannot simultaneously bore its audience and have a thoroughly good time on its own account. But "Keep Shufflin'," though it is not the best of its line, is better than most.

"The Beggar's Opera," revived for a second time in New York, has again been forced to close. One would have liked to see it succeed, but the chances were heavily against it, on this side of the ocean, despite its four years' run in London. It is not more amusing—especially in abridgment—than the best of Gilbert and Sullivan, and it lacks the popular prestige which is so attached to some of the Savoy Operas that a timid soul will not confess that he prefers the movies. Its hard and racy realism, uncontaminated by sentimentality, is not enough to endear it to a public which is well accustomed to sordid plays, but likes them sticky, too. The consistent excellence of its tunes (which Gay borrowed, as was the custom until long after his day, from any source handy) is not the commercial asset which one might expect it to be, for the reason that the songs are not already familiar and can hardly be made so by printing and "plugging" them in 1928 style. The play therefore pleased, until it exhausted, a small and educated public, and then disappeared. But it will return.

The Salon of the Cinema, as the Cameo Theater calls itself, has been showing "Tsar Ivan the Terrible," a Russian film imported by the Amkino Corporation and hailed as a successor to "Potemkin." It is more and less than that—more a feat of historical research, less an example of new Russian revolutionary art. Yet only Russia, and only Soviet Russia, could have made this film. No other country would have let a motion picture studio use so much museum material for settings and costumes, or even have had it in public museums, or have had an equally primitive past within such comparatively easy reach as the sixteenth century. The plot is less interesting than the pictures of Ivan himself. Torturing the *boyars* who opposed his reign, praying devoutly in church for the forgiveness of his sins, tearing his food with his hands and scattering it over his royal robes, forcing the young Nikita to fly, before the assembled court, with his crude gliding machine, and sentencing him to death for impiety when he succeeded, handling the flax in his favorite mill as he sold it to English merchants, strangling the Tsarina for infidelity—in all this Ivan, as the great actor Leonidoff shows him, is half a child, turning his furious energy irresponsibly from whim to whim, half a sadist, with glittering, fanatical eyes. When the picture was first shown a year and a half ago in Moscow, the story went that a shortage of film had hampered its production. It is obviously marred by too rapid photography and too hasty shifts, and even the inserted English titles are given fewer feet than usual.

The news-reel showed the tenth-anniversary demonstrations. It was strange to hear applause in Forty-second Street for Red Army maneuvers in the Red Square, and the indulgent comment of an American lady as one ardent Russian refused to have his clapping silenced: "It's all right; the poor man just feels patriotic."

The bright urn that crowns the tower of New York's Paramount Theater now has a significance. It is a funeral headstone for Paul Whiteman. Five years ago Whiteman's orchestra carried a torch, and Paul had a Message. Two years ago, Whiteman's orchestra was still the best of its kind. Now Paul has gone Paramount, and the orchestra is just another cheap band.

A jazz orchestra that people might hear without dancing was something new once. It was this Whiteman who started it. It was he who gathered and trained the best jazz players to be found. It was he who invited all and sundry to contribute jazz pieces in concert style for his programs. Gershwin, Sowerby, Carpenter, Whithorne, Grofe, Joslyn and other talented men responded. The torch was lighted, and the kinetic message went out that something new and big and exciting and important had happened and would continue to happen for a long, long time.

Thus it was that we came to listen to jazz. Then the orchestra went into the popular theater, where it belongs, and where its best efforts and spiciest experiments could be set forth. At last the jazz concert was a regular thing. At last the exigencies of the dance hall were gone, and the musical idiom of the American city could take on large form. But what resulted? A thing called the "Rainbow Rhapsody Revue." Six sheiks sing syllables through megaphones. Then a high tenor sings syllables through a megaphone. Then the orchestra takes up its megaphones, for more singing of unintelligible words. Ten ladies with shapes, dressed in alhambras and tortillas and such Span-

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ish things, raise their legs in a line. A comedian makes wisecracks with Whiteman. Henry Busse, he who can make a trumpet talk like nobody's business, achieves the ultimate height of humor. He walks across the stage wearing a derby too small for him. Then a concert piece. Sixteen bars of this old tune and eight of that. At the end appears a rainbow of the ten with the shapes, but this time without Spanish or any other costume. It seems impossible that the man who talked the talk of the Paul Whiteman of five years ago should have planned this utterly cheap display, which not only is not music, but isn't even jazz. Paul has succumbed to the Paramount, at the very time when the Paramount is ready and eager to take up what he has to offer.

CORRESPONDENCE

Upton Sinclair and Lawrence Morris

SIR: I went out into the sunshine after lunch with my copy of the New Republic, prepared for a nice peaceful reading, and I opened the magazine and discovered that Mr. Lawrence S. Morris has disposed of myself and my books in three and a half devastating pages. So I did not have the peaceful time I had expected. Now I have thought it over prayerfully, as I always do with every honest critic, and here are a few reflections.

Mr. Morris says I accepted the Marxian formula at twenty-five, and then stopped thinking. I don't think I have ever called myself a Marxian, and I have changed my views so frequently that my Socialist comrades consider me very unreliable. What I accepted at twenty-five was not the Marxian dogma, but the general idea that the reconstruction of capitalist society will be done by the revolutionary workers. That idea was not Marx's property, nor my own, but the collective wisdom of the workers' movement for a century. As an atom in that movement, I do not seem to myself nearly so courageous or so blind as I seem to Mr. Morris, who apparently does not realize how vastly the movement has grown in the twenty-five years since I came into it.

He calls his article "The Way of a Reformer," and he makes his case easy by taking a reformer who has not yet finished his job. How easy to mock at some other reformer at the same stage: for example, William Lloyd Garrison, twenty-five years after he began, which would be during the administration of President Buchanan! How easy to assert that Garrison had adopted a formula and never changed, and never learned anything and never accomplished anything! Or, take Tom Paine when the French revolutionists had him in jail—what a satire upon faith in the possibility of popular democratic government!

I do not find my critic in "Who's Who," and do not know what function he fulfills in our community, but I gather that he is a scientific man and worships facts. I run afoul of many such critics, and they censure me for selecting facts to fit my theory; and having no facts to prove it, they invent facts to fit their theory. Thus, Mr. Morris tells your readers that "the thin quaver of personal feelings . . . has cost him his public." From what part of the world did Mr. Morris collect this fact? Does he think that I ever had the snobbish intelligentsia of America for my "public"? The editions of my books among the Russian workers now number several hundred. The libraries of Sweden report my books most in demand of any author, native or foreign. My collected writings have been issued in Germany, and are being issued in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Spain. My last novel, "Oil!," is the best selling novel in Germany. It is running serially in one of the most widely read newspapers in Paris, and in the leading weekly of Denmark. Translations of my books have been issued in such unlikely languages as Icelandic, Mongolian and Parsee. When I have lost these "publics," I will yield to my American critics.

Mr. Morris concludes his essay with this sentence: "If there are men in America today who listen with contempt to any talk of justice among human beings, Sinclair has helped to make them." It is a heavy responsibility to carry, and I must admit that for a moment I staggered under the load. But then I looked back over your correspondent's argument, and saw how, less than a page back, he had censured me for attributing social developments to the evil conduct of individuals! "He singles out the individuals who are the channels of injustice and imagines that they are the cause." Is it not amusing to find a critic catching himself in his own bear-trap like that?

No, Mr. Morris, I am really not responsible for the cynicisms of the Harding-Coolidge era! I did not make the War, nor the disappointments of the peace, nor the galloping career of capitalist imperialism. I did not bring about the fact that the upholders of privilege have all the salaries and the honors in their gift, that they set the standards of glory and greatness, and rule the intellectual, literary and artistic worlds, along with the business and political worlds. I may have been blind and wrong-headed —but how glad I would be to turn over my job to Mr. Morris, or any other writer who would devote his life to overcoming the boycott of the capitalist press, and arousing the public to the infamies of predatory class-greed.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Long Beach, Calif.

SIR: Let me say a few words on the long criticism of Upton Sinclair by Lawrence Morris which appeared in a recent issue of the New Republic.

Your critic seemed to me unoriginal. He summed up, without any sign of personal reflection, all the platitudes about Sinclair that have been repeated by urbane liberal litterateurs in this country for twenty years.

Upton Sinclair, Mr. Morris says, is naïve. This is true. Sinclair is a sniffling Puritan moralist. True, too true. Sinclair has a host of provincial kinks. True. Sinclair is a radical Harold Bell Wright. He paints black and white pictures of capitalist villains and noble labor heroes. He does. Sinclair is afflicted with funny sex complexes. He is. He is an inaccurate reporter. Yes. More interested in "journalism" than in "literature." Sure. A "propagandist" and not an "artist." I agree.

I agree, and every labor radical has always agreed, that Upton Sinclair is an imperfect instrument. He has, as your critic points out, an imperfect contact with reality. He was brought up in the wrong surroundings—a middle-class American Protestant home. He spent his literary adolescence in the wrong atmosphere—the evangelical Christian Socialist pre-war world.

One can grant every charge brought by the bourgeois literary experts against Upton Sinclair, as one can against Bernard Shaw, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Strindberg, Wells, but the man remains. How often have the same critics pointed out the defects in Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Sandburg. But the men remain. They have a power in them not given to polished literary men. Sinclair has this power, too. It is crude, but it is power.

Upton Sinclair is a highly imperfect instrument, but he is the one man of literary importance in America who for twenty years has concentrated on the biggest job in America. What is that, your enlightened critic will ask? It is the struggle to humanize industry. This will not seem much to experts interested only in the making of perfect books, but it means everything to millions of workers in America, Europe and Asia. Upton Sinclair is literally the most read author in the world today by virtue of his passionate dedication to the cause of the workers. Your critic will answer, so much worse for those labor fanatics who think Upton Sinclair a great writer, only because he is their partisan.

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Their literary taste is too low for words. But millions of workers in China, Japan, Germany, Soviet Russia, France, England and America, think the same of the bourgeois literary critic, a bookish, sheltered, timid, "artistic" man who spends an entire irreplaceable lifetime diddling with what are known as *belles lettres,* a man incapable of participating in the vast war for liberation in which thousands are dying today, a man with so low an opinion of "art" that he believes it should be made only for and by the amusement of dilettantes with incomes and no opinions.

What does Mr. Morris think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? I reread this novel recently, and had a strange feeling. The book might have been written by Upton Sinclair. It had all of his sad Christian faults. It also had his passion for social justice. It is a sentimental and imperfect book, but a great one. Upton Sinclair has been writing a series of "Uncle Tom's Cabins" for twenty years, and your critic says this is a crime against "art." That's what the slave-owners thought of Mrs. Stowe's novel, too.

I would advise some of our critics to learn from the literary critics of Soviet Russia. There writers like Sinclair are understood for what they are trying to do. Their works are classified as agitation-literature; imperfect, yes, but of perhaps more value to human beings than the whole swarm of minor Baudelaires, Cabells, and other "perfect" writers. Books that are despised and hated. Books that do a job. Books that ennoble literature, for they make it not a plaything, but a tool for the emancipation of the world.

Mr. Morris says Upton Sinclair, by his distortions and imperfections, has actually hurt, not helped, the radical cause, and made it more difficult for other social writers to function. This was the most malicious thrust of all. If it is not malice, it is something worse; it is ignorance. Upton Sinclair has been a great pioneer in a new and bewildering field. The younger Socialist, Communist and labor writers of America (there are some) are grateful to this dogged, lonely pathfinder. He has helped them, and helped the workers. We are dissatisfied with him, but every year this curious twisted Puritan looms grander in our eyes. Please let us worry about such matters, Mr. Morris; your heart is not in this thing, but in what bourgeois critics call "literature."

New York City. MICHAEL GOLD.

SIR: Let me acknowledge, first, the admirable temper of Mr. Sinclair's reply to my article in your issue of March 7. I think I made it clear in that article that I hold Mr. Sinclair in high respect for his sincerity and courage, as well as for the essential soundness of his recognition that injustice and greed rule our social life. It is the strategy and tactics of his attack that I specifically criticized. Surely it is possible to sympathize with a man's aim and to question the wisdom of his means?

It is true that, within the movement of which he has been a part, Mr. Sinclair has sometimes puzzled his Socialist comrades. I suppose he is referring here to his changes in viewpoint during and after the War. But I do not find any evidence in his books that he has ever subjected the movement as a whole, including the premises on which its technique rests, to suspicion. It is for this reason that I consider his adherence an act of faith.

It is also true that Mr. Sinclair's career is not yet finished. But a quarter of a century is enough to indicate the hand of a workman. And while a final summary of a man's career cannot, of course, be made while he is still engaged in it, it is possible to examine the implications of his methods.

As to Mr. Sinclair's public, I am familiar with his popularity in various parts of Europe. But he has been dealing with abuses in American life, and, in his books, has made his direct appeal to the American public to alter them; not merely to a snobbish intelligentsia, but to every sincere, thinking citizen. That his books have had to find their public among nations remote from American life, instead of among those to whom they were addressed, is itself evidence not that the abuses did not exist, but that his aim was defective. Abroad he is read for his criticism of the economically powerful classes in America, rather than for any defense of, or program for, the working classes.

Mr. Gold has fallen into an easier form of criticism: he attributes a point of view to me which is the opposite of the one I developed in my article, and then demolishes it as if it were mine. After reading Mr. Gold's letter, it is hard to imagine that he read my article. If he did, I can only offer him a dictionary, so that he may realize the plain meaning of plain words. I have looked in vain through what I wrote for any statement that Mr. Sinclair's books are that foolish thing, "a crime against 'art.'" On the contrary, if Mr. Gold will read section V of the article, he will find that I have dismissed the perfect-writing-in-a-vacuum theory even more drastically than he has in his letter. If words are not deeds, they are worse than useless. I am quite willing to discuss what I actually said, but it seems a waste of time to debate a theory which Mr. Gold rightly rejects and which I specifically ruled out.

New York City. LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

No Conflict with the Covenant

SIR: The Briand proposal to outlaw war *as an instrument of public policy* (or as an "institution") means that henceforth pacific procedure in some form must govern the working out of national policies.

But suppose a nation disregards its obligation to employ only peaceful methods of attaining its desires, and, notwithstanding its engagements pledging it to peace, begins to fight. Is it not clear that such a war is illegal, and the nation an aggressor?

Many writers forget that *an "aggressive" war is simply one which is begun in violation of the "outlawry" agreement.*

Now, if an aggressive war breaks out, should not some action then be taken to preserve the peace? If international relations are based upon a public policy of peace, then the outbreak of war is a matter of common concern to all nations, and concerted pressure should be brought to bear upon the culprit. The immediate victim will fight in self-defense; other nations will come to its assistance as provided in pacts like that of Locarno; others will coöperate through methods laid down in the Covenant; and the United States, while not a member of the League, will help by such measures as it has determined: by placing an embargo on arms, restricting commerce, or, if need be, fighting as it did in 1917.

It will be seen, therefore, that the terms of the proposed Kellogg-Briand treaty, *if properly drafted,* cannot conflict with the obligations of League membership; because *until the treaty has been violated the commitments under the Covenant do not come into play.*

If the Borah-Dewey-Levinson-Morison group would bear in mind these simple propositions, their energetic and sincere espousal of the cause of peace would get us further.

Cambridge, Mass. EDWARD DUMBAULD.

A Mexican Seminar

SIR: I should like to draw the attention of the readers of the New Republic to the third session of the Seminar on Relations with Mexico to be held in Mexico City, July 5-26.

The purpose of this group is to study the life and movements of Mexico on the ground. Members of the two preceding groups met President Calles, Secretary of Labor Morones, and other members of the Mexican cabinet. They talked with the educational leaders, and visited schools; met artists, musicians, business men, labor leaders. They had an excellent opportunity for hearing both sides of the moot questions: oil, land, the Church, education, etc.

We are planning to make this summer's program more leisurely, so as to allow plenty of time for rest, sightseeing, and recreation. The climate of Mexico City is excellent on account of the high altitude. There is good golf, and all such things.

I shall be glad to hear from any readers of the New Republic who are interested. My address is 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass. HUBERT C. HERRING.

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What Keeps Mr. Burt Awake

They Could Not Sleep, by Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

MR. BURT takes himself seriously as a writer: that is, he regards himself, presumably, as the possessor of a talent to be used rather than an asset to be cashed in. He is nothing if not a burden-bearer; writing, in his opinion, is one of the "ennobling and directing trades." In short, he writes to please (and the sale of his novels indicates that he has been successful), but he hopes to instruct as well. "The Interpreter's House" and "The Delectable Mountains" familiarized us with Mr. Burt's several ideas, and "They Could Not Sleep" has again brought them to our attention. We know by this time what is on Mr. Burt's mind.

"The Interpreter's House" is the story of a gentleman, temporarily expatriated, who returns to America in his early thirties to settle down and go into business. He is interested but somewhat upset by post-war New York and the modern generation, and attempts to withdraw into the solitude of the countryside; but circumstances eventually force him into the family business, which he then conducts with distaste and success. The hero of "The Delectable Mountains," very like his predecessor except for a slight stammer, has fled to the comparative feudalism of a western ranch. On a trip East, he falls in love with a New York chorus girl, marries her and takes her West with him. But irrigation projects and other vulgarities drive him from pillar to post, and at the end we are left in doubt whether he will ever find a congenial resting place. These are both fairly long novels, but if Mr. Burt's comments (which he sometimes delegates but often delivers in person) were omitted, they would be quite short.

The stories in the present volume are also concerned less with physical than with psychological adventures. The author is "by training or habit . . . given to plumbing psychological depths." A New England parson, transplanted to the South, fades into a horticulturist; an apparently stupid but uxorious commuter, painfully widowed, becomes a mystic; a woman, married to one famous man and in love with another, does her duty; the mild husband of an opera star makes himself useful straightening out her emotional entanglements; and so on. The skeletons of these stories do not, perhaps, appear very promising; but when Mr. Burt pads them, clothes them, and infuses them with his high commands, they become even duller. None of them, however, is altogether dull, though all of them are boring in spots. For Mr. Burt never can let well enough alone. Time after time he spoils with his chatter a scene which, if simply presented, would be dramatic, which only silence on his part could sufficiently emphasize. Occasionally he doesn't even attempt to tell about it, but contents himself with telling us how hard it would be to tell about it.

> It is difficult to describe what followed. It is difficult to describe delicate occasions the subtle drama of which requires precise and detailed description. For one thing, each word of the conversation should be reported, and with extreme care; and then, the flickering play of moods should be emphasized; the silences, the mental and physical attitudes of each member of the group, the sharpness of the situation. . . .

For a serious writer, Mr. Burt makes a good many minor slips. Some of them, of course, may be explained as that liberal disregard for grammar, spelling or reading proof which marks many distinguished authors, but these vulgarisms seem to have been set down with care: *heighth, somewheres, nowheres, an humbleness, an eucharistic.* And though it is doubtless his admiration for the silky clumsiness of Hergesheimer that urges Mr. Burt to evolve such sentences as the following, it may seem no contradiction to say that his frequent attempts to write beautifully merely result in his writing badly: "Mrs. Blanton adored him, and feared him, and brooded over him as a mother, especially a mother who has been beautiful and knows something of what men are, will."

In spite of his psychological plumbing, it is obviously never the particular person, but the general idea, which plagues Mr. Burt. His views on the social scheme are definite, simple, and irritated. He does not so much describe American society as complain of it; but, though he has no panacea, he has a platform. Now is the time for all good aristocrats to come to the aid of their party. " . . . Whatever might be the faults of such a system [aristocracy], some system that fostered tradition and an honorable ancestry and an honorable root in the soil was necessary for the health of the nation, and . . . if such a system no longer existed, then there should be an immediate setting about to reproduce an improved copy of it." Lack of breeding is what particularly exasperates him—rudeness, cruelty, bumptiousness, vulgarity, ignorance—all faults are included and summed up, for Mr. Burt, in lack of breeding. All his favorite changes on this theme he rings again in this book. They are: that the best Americans are aristocrats; that a woman had better stick to her husband; that the young generation is silly, ignorant and pathetic; that foreigners are greatly over-rated—not as good, in fact, as they should be; that some men are not ordinary people, and should be treated with consideration; that jazz is dying. His heroes are proud of being American, and will stand no unpatriotic nonsense, but they are prouder still of being gentlemen. There is even something a little anxious in their continual preoccupation with being gentlemen. The characters in his stories are like the inmates of a stud-farm: and they exhibit the utmost patience—complacency, almost—when he halts them in the midst of what they are doing, to indicate their good points with the slow, repetitive accents of possessive pride, or else to point at some less fortunate example with a snort of disgust. Too often, alas, he is pointing and snorting.

The stories in this collection illustrate, without exception, Mr. Burt's passion for gentility. The heroes are all gentlemen: the villains—well, they are the kind of people that, unfortunately, you sometimes meet. The gentlemen are necessarily few, a not particularly happy few—how can they be, when they are so surrounded? "So many Americans," as Mr. Burt *in propria persona* laments, "lack a sense of social gradations, except materially. They are born, live and die never realizing that, no matter how well they may have done by themselves, there are still circles above them of whose methods of life spiritually they have not the slightest conception." It is in these circles that Mr. Burt's favored ones live and, in a way, move. As it is, unluckily, a purely spiritual circle, they are constantly bumping into all kinds of grosser persons and situations, and it is this melancholy friction that keeps them awake. In spite of the handicap of their gentle birth, however, they are by no means unable to hold their own on lower strata: witness this plain, high speech by one of them to a disloyally expatriate girl: "Suffering! Why, it's part

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of the American tradition! You could read it in the faces of Americans up until your generation. And now, just because for the first time in our history we have a little general comfort and can relax a little and clink a few dollars in our pockets, a lot of people, including some of our own citizens, are upbraiding us. Fat England, sleek France, who were taking their ease when we were cutting down trees and fighting Indians. . . ."

In spite of his preoccupation with gently bred gentlefolk, Mr. Burt occasionally arouses our vulgarer natures. Though he is careful to speak of a woman's "chest," he can make such a shocking accusation as this: "You knew that underneath her clothes she had a delicately rounded figure and a creamy skin." But even Emily Post nods. And we who are quite two or three degrees above needing the Book of Etiquette, who never worry about using the wrong spoon, because we had the good grace to be born with the right one in our mouths, will do well to take the following tale, entitled "The Man Who Grew a Beard," as a criterion of gentlemanly behavior. Though it is a story, like all Mr. Burt's stories it is more than that: it is good advice. If there is some lewd fellow of your acquaintance whom you are desirous of teaching better manners, encourage him to grow a beard and then invite him to dinner. When you have wined and dined him well, send your wife from the room, for the rest is not for her ears. Then proceed to tell this person exactly what you think of him and his sort, and, at the first sign of restlessness on his part, signal to your concealed bravos (who will leap from behind a screen), and ask them if their instruments are ready. Then say to your victim, "I am going to make you less of a man." It will turn out, of course, that the bravos are barbers, and will merely shave off the caitiff's beard. Still, it will teach him a lesson.

Of course, there are other lines of activity in which a conscientiously professional gentleman might engage; and I feel sure that Mr. Burt would be the first to deny that he had done more than indicate a few useful forms of gentlemanly endeavor. It is, indeed, a fertile question which he has propounded—are gentlemen to perish from the United States?—and we should not be misled by the occasional peevishness of his answers. A gentleman, in this day and age, cannot protest too much. No wonder the riddle rankles and keeps him awake. When you consider the size and nature of this extremely large and increasingly vulgar country, it is difficult to see how Mr. Burt is going to get the requisite amount of sleep.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Imponderables of History

The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America, by Bernard Faÿ. Translated by Ramon Guthrie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 613 pages. $5.

America and French Culture, 1750-1848, by Howard Mumford Jones. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 615 pages. $5.

THE very titles of these volumes at once define and limit their scope. They are studies in "spirit"—the French *esprit* is more satisfactory—and in "culture"—in intellectual rather than in material phenomena. "We are not," asserts Professor Jones, "writing history in the conventional sense, we are determining the character of immaterial forces; of ideas, projects, desires, necessities, out of which the national expression comes." The volumes, then, present psychological interpretations of a very significant chapter in the history of two nations, and as such they are in line with that newer interpretation of history toward which so many of our historians are groping.

There is, of course, nothing new in this idealistic, this intellectual exposition of history: no lesser historians than Voltaire and Guizot inaugurated and sponsored the vogue, and it has always had an intelligent following in France. What is new, however, is the technique, the documentation, the scientific mechanism. And the difference is a very profound one: it is the difference between inductive and deductive interpretation. The scholarly apparatus of these volumes is most formidable: the industry of M. Faÿ is prodigious; Professor Jones presents his evidence mightily buttressed with some 2,500 footnotes; and the lengthy bibliographies accompanying both studies will be of extraordinary value to the student. Together they form the most completely documented investigation into the history of ideas with which we are acquainted.

The brilliant volume of M. Faÿ, adjudged on its French appearance worthy of the Pulitzer Prize in American history, raises most urgently the question to what extent it is possible critically to propound or scientifically to present a thesis in the infinite complexity, the endless variety and the exquisite subtlety of the realm of the spirit. Does the critical apparatus at the disposal of the present-day historian enable him to solve those problems in *kulturgeschichte* which baffled and deluded his predecessors? Is a scientific exposition of the history of ideas and their influences as yet possible, and, if so, are the methods of M. Faÿ the correct ones? Can a spirit be evaluated by statistical computation? In a domain as vast and as elusive as that of the history of ideas, the conclusions arrived at depend largely upon the discrimination and the interpretation of the historian; the view, as the Hindu proverb has it, will depend upon the point of view. In no field of history is there wider scope for the play of this factor of discrimination; nowhere is it easier to prove a thesis.

What, then, is the thesis of M. Faÿ? Briefly stated, it is this: that in the last generation of the eighteenth century the spirit of revolutionary radicalism was abroad in France and in America, that this spirit manifested itself in literature and philosophy, in education, art, and social usages, and finally translated itself into positive politics, diplomacy and war; that the revolutionary spirit was not isolated either in France or in America, but rather international and catholic, that there was reaction and interaction, both conscious and more subtly unconscious. M. Faÿ indicates more specifically how French radical philosophy was broadcast in America, how it wove itself into the very fabric of the thought and politics and life of the American people and colored American culture, and more, how it allied with the forces of discontent abroad in the land, assisted the revolutionists in formulating a philosophy of revolution, and became engrafted on to the political philosophy of the nascent nation.

M. Faÿ, however, is not engaged so much in a search for the origins of American philosophy and institutions as in the zealous discovery of French influences. This distinction he does not adequately make clear, and as a result the volume bears some of the earmarks of special pleading. There seems to be a general though rather vague conviction that the influence of French philosophy and culture on the philosophy of the fathers of the American Republic was very profound, and that American revolutionary doctrine is a child of the French enlightenment. No less an historian than Woodrow Wilson fell victim to this delusion, Lord Morley gave it currency, and the brilliant vol-

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umes of V. L. Parrington are permeated with and vitiated by this interpretation. Now comes the painstaking study of M. Faÿ to reinforce the doctrine and give it the sanction of documentation. It is high time that students of American institutions repudiated this romantic shibboleth. The sources of American revolutionary philosophy are English, not French, and the development of American institutions has been a realistic phenomenon, dominated by geographic conditions and by economic considerations. The philosophy of the Declaration of Independence is that of John Locke and his English predecessors, not of French romanticism; and Thomas Jefferson is not a child of the French enlightenment but a man of the western waters, steeped in the traditions of English liberalism. The Constitution of Pennsylvania is no outcropping of French philosophy, nor the unicameral legislature of Turgot's political theories, as M. Faÿ implies, and Professor Jones repeats, but clearly the products of colonial antecedents modified by the radicalism of the up-country Scotch-Irish and the eminently practical liberalism of Franklin. The Federal Constitution is based squarely on colonial precedents and on the experiences in the British Empire, and the theory of the influence of the Grand Plan of Henri IV or of Montesquieu or Turgot is rhetorical merely. M. Faÿ is misled by the authority of names, by reverence for allusions. He mistakes the outward apparel for the inner spirit, the bark for the tree. Neither the American Revolution nor the Constitution was the child of a political theory, the conclusion, as Wilson finely says, of a syllogism. It may be doubted whether French culture and thought ever penetrated below the social surface, except where, as with the Jacobeanism of the nineties, it became a party weapon; and M. Faÿ has himself indicated how tenuous were those gossamer threads of spiritual marriage which bound America to France when subjected to the awful realities of reasons of state or of economics.

"America and French Culture" is the first of two volumes in which Professor Jones attempts to isolate and analyze the influence of French culture on American life —"to see the *general American attitude* toward things French in the hundred years when we were closest to that interesting people." In this volume he is concerned primarily with "fundamental matters like politics and religion and manners"—the consideration of literary influences is reserved for later treatment. Professor Jones leans heavily on Faÿ both for his method of approach and for his data, but he is weaving a more intricate and more bizarre pattern and on a somewhat larger loom. There is this difference, however, that while M. Faÿ is concerned with the interrelationships and interactions of French and American culture, Mr. Jones is concerned exclusively with the influence of France on American culture. The strands of M. Faÿ's tapestry are interwoven; Professor Jones' tapestry is wholly American with a French pattern superimposed. Perhaps it is no accident that both the French and the American tapestries should be done in red, white and blue.

It is to be hoped that other students will follow the paths hewn out so laboriously by Professors Faÿ and Jones in the study of international cultural relationships. The influence of French culture on the United States did not cease with 1848; it is, as Professor Irving Babbitt has noted in a recent essay, a constant in American cultural history. And may we not hope that devoted scholars will soon trace for us in tender detail the influence of English and German culture on the formation of the American mind?

HENRY COMMAGER.

Poverty and the Church

The Forerunners of Saint Francis, and Other Studies, by Ellen Scott Davison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 425 pages. $5.

MISS DAVISON, who was deeply interested in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, did not live to complete this volume, and it was revised and prepared for the press by Miss R. B. Richards. Part I deals with the revolt in the Church against the temporal power and wealth of the clergy, a movement so widespread that it took many forms and threatened to bring in the Reformation. This section is more strictly a study in church history. Part II consists of a series of studies on the life of the times, the fairs, the parish priest, the young merchant, the members of the *métiers*. It is a matter of particular regret that they could not have been finished, for the plans and titles left in Miss Davison's papers indicate that they would have constituted at least one interesting chapter in that large work on the history of the people in the Middle Ages which still remains to be written.

As it stands, Part I is the more valuable contribution for historians. The Christian Church was intended by its Founder as a way of life. He was little interested in rules, regulations and establishments. In spite of the hubbub which it caused some years ago, Theodore de Wyzéwa's statement that Christ was "a gentle anarchist and nihilist" had, in this regard, some warrant. It was the tragedy of the Church that, as it prospered, it became an institution, and it found it increasingly difficult to realize Christian ideals, particularly the ideal of poverty. There was a considerable increase in European intelligence between the years 1000 and 1200. Toward the close of the twelfth century, when bishops had become secular princes and popes vied with emperors, it was noted that not only poverty but also humility, a difficult virtue in a militant organization, had tended to disappear. An age of faith was ending in an age of criticism and heresy. Arnold of Brescia, the Humiliati, the Waldensians, or Poor Men of Lyons, the Albigenses, and a little later the Franciscans, were all part of an earnest general movement back to the apostolic virtues. All advocated poverty or some form of communism. It is this movement that Miss Davison was tracing back to the Cistercians and kindred orders. In their dissatisfaction with the Church, earnest men had sought refuge in what might be called the puritanical monastic orders. There have been histories and special studies of the separate apostolic orders, and even of the heresies. It is a virtue of "The Forerunners of Saint Francis" that it brings them together and gives us a sense for the temper of that time.

Miss Davison did not take up the work of the great founder of the Franciscans, but it is a curious fact that the tragedy of the Church will be repeated in the history of the Order. It, too, started as an earnest way of life, but it, too, became an institution, and as such acquired wealth and power. Within a hundred years of its foundation, it will be denounced by Dante as Arnold of Brescia or Waldo of Lyons are here shown denouncing the wealth and power of the clergy. George Moore once said that an ideal theater should be so run as to have lost a little money at the end of the year, if possible. This would seem to be a good rule for churches and religious orders as well.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

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Entitled Fairy Story

Aladdin, U. S. A., by Ernest Greenwood. New York: Harper and Brothers. 265 pages. $2.50.

THIS book is about the electric power industry and how wonderful it has made the world we live in. If you happen to have the luck to live in the United States you just rub the magic lamp and kilowatt slaves obey your slightest will. The title is well chosen. The story is two or three degrees removed from reality, taking place in a world where men are somewhat more or less than men, and servants are no problem. Such a story can move and be convincing only when unpleasant dirty realities are bowed politely, with urbane courtesy, to the door. It is a book for men in the power industry to give to their wives or to anyone else they need to impress with their social usefulness.

As in other romances, if you accept the first few premises, you go along with the rest. If you don't accept those, you begin to gag at a too great abundance of sweetness and light. Then the book is useless for you, in spite of all the quotations on the flap from Socrates, Carlyle and Ben Jonson on how nice it is to read a book. You begin to see that all the old tin cans from the dump-heap have been dragged in again and regilded.

Muscle Shoals is still essentially a fertilizer project to the author, although hundreds of pages of hearings prove that all the companies bidding for it had all their eyes on the power possibilities. Not Muscle Shoals nor Boulder Dam nor the St. Lawrence, according to him, can produce power as cheaply as the private companies. This idea is, I think, absolutely unique with him. Everyone else, including the power engineers, considers them the cheapest sources of power in the country. He attempts to prove them too expensive for public development. This he goes about without a reference to the figures established for Congress by Secretary Work that the total cost of the reservoir at Boulder Dam, the development of a million horse-power and also an all-American canal ($125,000,000) can be retired in twenty-five years by selling power at three mills. The same tactics were used by the power companies interested in leasing Muscle Shoals and gradually exposed.

There is much more of the same, for which the only excuse can be that the author hasn't been around the power industry for quite a while. To him Senator Heflin is a noted public-ownership man. The Senator was, on the contrary, the most vociferous proponent of private development of Muscle Shoals in Congress. In the gilding process much is made of the Federal Trade Commission's report that no one company has monopolistic control of the industry. Not a word is said in attempted refutation of figures published in the New Republic and the Annals of the Academy of Political Science that twenty companies control over four-fifths of the industry's production. Nor does he care to notice the statement of the Trade Commission that "in the competition of holding companies for desirable independents a few very large holding companies have emerged."

The same suave remoteness from all recent discussion is maintained in his discussion of rates. One would never guess from his chapter on rates that, far from receiving a great decrease in his lighting rates, the domestic consumer had, according to the Trade Commission, "experienced an average increase in price from 7.07 to 7.36 cents" from 1922 to 1926. To him state regulation at present is a water-tight protection to the consumers. Even Mr. Coolidge's mild-mannered Trade Commission has found flaws in that system. For anyone to advance such a statement about the efficiency of state regulation at present is to make a confession of ignorance concerning the indictment of that system by the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities and by other state commissions. And for an author to make such a confession is an admission of irresponsibility.

There is no discussion of the sums spent by Mr. Insull and the power people in elections and lobbying. On the other hand, there is much amusement about politics in industry. For the author it is an inevitable and short step from public development of the remaining key water-power resources (Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, St. Lawrence) to complete public ownership of all the power utilities and the railroads. Then there will be a bureaucracy with all its dangers. His imagination, good up to this point, then fails suddenly. He introduces Secretary Hoover, who "by no stretch of the imagination can be identified with the electric power industry." Perhaps he meant that Mr. Hoover has been more adopted by the industry than identified with it as yet. Without a single reference to the fact that the objection has been met by proposals for government corporations for the three key developments, he uses a speech by Mr. Hoover to the National Electric Light Association about politics in business to cap his argument for complete private development.

With all Pollyanna's deep penetration into human and industrial affairs, the author ventures the conclusion that the power industry does not fear an honest and impartial investigation: for example, by the Federal Trade Commission "as it is now constituted." The fact that just before the appearance of this book the power industry, with ex-Senator Lenroot (Republican) and ex-Senator Thomas (Democrat) and other impressive counsel, fought tooth and nail against the right of the Senate to order any investigation at all, should be sufficient to disillusion both the writer and the readers of this book about the soundness of the former's conception of the power situation.

H. S. RAUSHENBUSH.

Leonard Woolf's Essays

Essays on Literature, History, Politics, Etc., by Leonard Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 256 pages. $2.50.

PERSONALLY," says Mr. Leonard Woolf in his essay on "The Modern Nightingale," "I *like* Mr. Eliot's poems," and the italics following so hard on the adverb and the first person singular may serve to indicate the temper of his criticism. It would be wrong, however, to infer that Mr. Woolf is merely another editor dealing in prejudices. He is aware that "the critic ought sometimes to allow his mind to work undisturbed by his personal likes and dislikes," though it is true the "sometimes" is almost as bad as the italics. A critic may not indulge in the luxury of likes and dislikes, ever—at least, not while writing criticism.

In his own words a "weigher of worth and reputation," the literary editor of the London Nation and Athenæum is perhaps critically minded rather than a critic. That is to say, he has taste and discernment and a certain shrewdness of observation and comment, as when he says that "Hazlitt went as near to achieving greatness as any man who has missed it," or that the real criticism of T. S. Eliot

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is not that he is too obscure, but "too easy to understand, because he is always saying the same thing in different ways." But a critic must have more than taste and insight into individual works and writers. We expect of him, we must expect of him in a time as lacking in positive values as our own, standards, comprehensiveness, far-reaching judgments, the power to compel unity out of multiplicity. Criticism, no less than art, must have what Dr. Johnson called the "grandeur of generality."

Although it is almost always possible to agree with Mr. Woolf in his opinions on any particular book or author, our search for such generality in his essays is not very fruitful. We come away at best with the notion that intensity, "passion," is somehow the parent stem of great literature. Thus Ben Jonson is commended to us as "thinking and feeling passionately"; Hazlitt remains merely a good writer because it was impossible for him "to rise above the trivialities of his own mind and life into any impersonal passion"; while Samuel Butler's work falls into the place reserved for "queer" books because "the kink of crankiness in Butler's mind gives a kink to the book which only passion could have straightened out."

All of which is probably true, though decidedly insufficient. But it becomes still less sufficient when Mr. Woolf suggests that, in the case of Lord Morley, the reason good writing did not become great writing was due to the omission of "some kind of imaginative passion, *some power of letting a part of the mind go.*" (Italics mine.) For that passion which informs the highest literature is not the power of letting a part of the mind go—which, indeed, requires only a lack of power—but a restraint mighty enough to bend the whole mind to a single purpose, a restraint that is the frozen image and measure of the inner fire.

EDWIN SEAVER.

The Song Racket

How to Write Popular Songs, by Abel Green. New York: Robbins Music Corporation. $.75.

OF the much that has been publicly said of Tin Pan Alley, a good deal is true, but practically none is useful. If any lay reader possess the manuscript of a tune or lyric which his friends conceive should be bestowed upon Broadway, he is earnestly advised to consult this brochure by the musical editor of Variety. Mr. Green does not actually make a serious attempt to tell how to write popular songs, but when he refers to the term "the song game" as "a gross misnomer" and proceeds to show why it is that, he is giving in concentrated form the information most needed by outsiders. It is a business always, a racket sometimes, but it has never been even so much of a "game" as politics. Therefore be disabused of the idea that if you have written a good song you are in some way entitled to have it listened to, published, or (even if published) preferred over inferior songs by orchestra leaders and vaudeville singers. These objects the outsider most commonly achieves, if at all, by having or making useful friends and rewarding them for their utility by giving them the credits and the royalties. In short, the Alley is blind at both ends: the way in is a low and a narrow tunnel, greased with glue, and the invader who gets through will have left much fur sticking to the sides. When Mr. Green points out the near end of the rat-hole and gives a fair and detailed chart of its windings, he furnishes the only kind of advice worth writing down.

ABBE NILES.

Recent Fiction

Daisy and Daphne, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THIS is not the first time that Miss Macaulay has made us wonder how someone with extraordinary brains, great verbal skill, a keen eye for character, and a sharp ironic sympathy could be satisfied with clever potboiling. Dozens of far less gifted novelists make a deeper impression upon us simply because they lean hard on the plough and drive a straight furrow to the end of the field. But Miss Macaulay never ploughs; she putters, and scratches, and wanders about, and quickly tires of the continuous labor of creation, and stops to toss off gay footnotes on the age we live in, and doesn't seem to care how she finishes the book, or whether, indeed, she finishes it at all. "Daisy and Daphne," for all its occasional froth and sparkle, its even rarer bits of genuine tenderness and insight, is as thin entertainment as it is art, and leaves, after the reading of it, that impression of resilient weariness which seems to have gone into the writing of it also. With a few exceptions, those passages which apparently gave Miss Macaulay the greatest pleasure are mildly rebellious objections to the misuse of certain words in England in the year 1928. The brightest exception to this satirical logomania is the all-too-brief portrait of a small girl of twelve. Most of the characters are the products of Miss Macaulay's private collection of rubber-stamps—neat, fluent, amused, but rubber-stamps none the less. What is most striking in a rather empty book is the author's avid, humorous distaste for modern life. R. L.

Modern Love, by H. W. Yoxall. New York: Ives Washburn. $2.

MOST novelists conceive a triangle in terms of melodrama, with the angles bitterly sharpened. In "Modern Love," however, there is a refreshing lack of villainy and passionate recrimination. The characters in this three-sided drama are sensible, honest people, no one of whom is to blame for the complications which occur. After an absence of some years, Neil Cray returns to England with his crisp, competent American wife, whose background is so different from his own. He is thrown again into intimate contact with the girl whom he loved in his early youth and who represents, for him, all the gracious tradition of England. Quietly, inevitably he drifts towards her. Sensibly, and as quietly, his wife lets him go—recognizing, as she does, that the bond between them is brittle. To be sure, she gets a somewhat obvious reward in the love of Julian Russell, by whom the story is told, but on the whole "Modern Love" is a pleasant, credible, though undistinguished novel. E. H. W.

Uther and Igraine, by Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

DEALING as it does with the wooing and winning of the mother of King Arthur, it would be natural to suppose that this romance is set in the fifth or sixth century. The presence of Merlin and sundry invading bands of Jutes and Saxons make this seem likely, but there the similarity ends. Mr. Deeping, who wrote this book in 1902, saw King Arthur's England through the eyes of a Maxfield Parrish or a Burne-Jones. From the lower middle classes up, his characters are all dressed in purple

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and fine linen. Several knights wear leopard skins. In love-making they invariably sing "chants d'amour." Not only in the substance, but in the language there is a false, almost a pre-Raphaelite, distortion. Many times the author sacrifices sense to sonority. "On either hand the woods rose up like nebulous hills bowelled by tunnelled mysteries of gloom." He is continually lisping out liquid alliterations and assonances. "Though the place was solitary as a dry planet her aspen fancy peopled it with life."

In less than a page he lets "atrium," "impluvium," "trinclinium," "viridarium," "tablinum," "gynæcium," "cubicula" and "culina" drop from his pen, all without the least word of explanation. As we read we see the author busily thumbing an article in an encyclopedia on the Roman house. Such strange words as "wooelshawe," and "parazonium," coupled with the tintinnabulations of his poetic prose produce a stupefying effect. The wonder is how this brackish book ever got printed without a glossary.

C. A. C.

Contributors

WILSON MIDGLEY is American correspondent of the London Daily News, and author of "Possible Presidents."

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE is the author of seven books of verse. Her best known poem is the sonnet entitled "Tears."

NORMAN FENTON is associate professor of Psychology at Ohio University, and the author of "Shell Shock and Its Aftermath," "Self-Direction and Adjustment," and other books.

HENRY COMMAGER is an instructor in American history at New York University.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS is Dean of the College at Princeton University. He is the author of "The German Emperor," "Why We Went to War," and other books.

H. S. RAUSHENBUSH is Secretary of the Public Committee on Coal and Power.

EDWIN SEAVER was formerly director of the experimental magazine "1924."

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